

War machine

I.V. LEAGUE ZINE

issue number
two

THIS ZINE (All of this book) IS PRINTED ON STOLEN PAPER. SHUVLED INTO THIS COUNTRY AND FORGED WITH BLACK MASSIK.

Being the second time doing this zine, I've learned a few things from my last experience. No matter how well you plan things out, chances are your original plans will either fall through or be affected by some internal (you tell yourself it sucks) or external (no money syndrome, lack of motivation, etc..) influences. Because of these matters and a few more, I've had to adjust a few things.


The cover price of this zine is what it would cost me to have this copied and if I ended up paying for it. If things work out right, this zine will cover itself unlike the last issue where I nearly lost about seventy-five cents a zine for charging fifty cents cover price. Besides that I was also losing money on postage for mailing, so now, mail order will also change.

Please do not send anything in for review, I don't do any! I welcome all contributions and if I feel strongly enough about your product, I will state so. What I'll be doing instead of reviews is a list of things I'm into with addresses, and prices. This list will also include music and a few other things of personal interest. I might also include a few words on the items on the list or something similar to a review (then again, I might not).

Advertising in this zine basically works the same way as above. If I feel strongly enough about your product I'll print your ad or my opinion. I don't know what to think about the product unless you send one in so don't send me ads alone and expect me to run them, I won't and you'll only end up wasting your time, sorry. The reason for this is that I'd like to be familiar with whatever I'm putting in my own zine. If you send me something that I won't like, I will send it back.

Also, I don't do interviews with bands I don't know or like (should be obvious) I say this because I've gotten a few photo-copied form letters from band managers who are looking for coverage and exposure. ~~I DON'T DEAL WITH BUSINESS BANDS etc.~~ that is just something I don't do in my zine, this is not MRR.

I am always interested in and looking for new ideas and views, so if you got any you feel like sharing, send them in...Write! Any contributions are welcomed and appreciated any not used will be sent back.

OH Yea, I.V. ZINE IS Also printed on recycled paper. ENVY, correct! so there! 

BACK COVER
PHILIPPINES
Protest of U.S.
BASES. (...DUI)

I would like to give extreme thanks to the following people for their help in putting this issue together:
My family, ~~John Yates~~, John Yates, Martin Sprouse and MRR for the picture and review, Kristen(words are not enough) Mark(air guitar solo king), Jonas, and the rest of Positive Force for your help and summer home, Adam, Christina, and Sam (for help and summer love cottage), Chuck(GET LOOSE), David"dabo,penis" and Carolynne for the summer and everything else, Paul Weinman(Wherever you are), Sarah(blah) Miles, Tiffany, B.Warren, Emil "fakin'bacon" Busse, Ivy (nice name), Also anyone who helped out with the last issue; anyone I have forgotten; and anyone who helped out after this list was typed. Thank you for your friendship and continuous support.

WAR: FRONT

Cover: (THE PEACE MAKER)

PULLING THE FIAMPROOF FABRICS
OVER YOUR EYES BY ME (and) YES, THE

STARS WERE A
PAIN IN THE ASS!

THE CHANGE OF AN old GENERATION (AMERICAN TRADITION)



The young man in the stocks represented a symbolic warning to inhabitants of Cincinnati who opposed the war effort. The warning was also meant for opponents in general.

"EXCUSES"

ARE LIKE

ASSHOLES"...

(A) PRE-INTRO TYPE OF THING... REDEMPTION, YOU KNOW...

Well, here I am at the second issue of I.V.LEAGUE zine. After almost two years all I have to show zine-wise after number one is one issue. What can I say I am lazy. At times true but unfortunately that is not the only reason I can give for this issue's "delay". For the most part, a large factor in the tardiness of this issue was motivation, there was not a lot of it (I'll explain later). During the stretch of time between number one and this issue, my motivation, attention, and effort have been scattered and directed in many different projects and things. The first being a summer trip in '91 to D.C. and New York, then many projects followed. I and others attempted to bring a band together. It seemed simple enough at the time, "we have ideas we want to play music, lets get together with others who want to do the same". Simple enough? Nope. After arranging everything, the drummer backs out, the bassist doesn't want to play, etc..no one really "dicked out" (well, the drummer did) but we realized it takes a lot more than effort to start and keep a band together. A lot of factors that one doesn't tend to see at first - how band members relate to each other, schedules, expectations, direction, etc. It seems so complicated but the ones that work

are so simple. It is not a project I have abandoned; it's in the works, on hold. Unfortunately, I alone can not be a band (odd isn't it?) so now it is being built at a slow pace but the drive is still there. Today it is only me and Emil, tomorrow the band, next week a punk picnic, the week after that...THE WORLD!!!

After and during that, Emil(4¹/₂dork) and myself went through and started a local distribution. We had been boycotting the "Alternative" record store due to prices and markups on punk records we thought were too steep. For an "alt" store to be doing this seemed to defeat its purpose, and definitely that of punk rocks. Example: Emil sold them a TOXIC-REASONS lp for \$2.00 ok, cool, average price you got for a used lp. We go back a week later and it was on sale for \$12.00! We thought it was definitely a mistake so we told the owner and he agreed. We went back another week later and it was still out for \$12.00!! That, along with the normal kind of high priced records, and the asshole workers employed helped begin the initial boycott. Shortly after, we came up with an idea to try to create a sort of alternative to the "alternative" store and set up some kind of way to get new records and releases and sell them at cost as a way for people to avoid the local high profit record business store. We then decided to also help out the smaller labels who would usually never end up in stores get their stuff out to people at cheaper costs for the buyers while the label or individual would get the same amount of money they'd be getting from the record store in return. Plus this is a way to help out other labels, zines, and projects, while avoiding businesses and getting peoples creations shared on a person to person level instead of the creator to business to person system that is so common. This is also a way of us being able to give and contribute ourselves back to the whole process of simple and honest underground support.. So with that our local distribution began. This took up a lot of time and work and it quickly began to seemingly fail. We had and have a lot of good records but no one is buying! Our attempts were to sell them at shows, but since that didn't work we are now doing mailorder (and need help! Buy something, anything, PLEASE!). We had no name until just recently when "BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN' LIFE" referred to us as NONE YET distribution. The name is supposed to be SHIT DISTRIBUTION SERVICES, but...oh well, whatever. This continuing project took lots of time and work and continues to do so (read the add and spend your hard earned money!!!)

During this time something very interesting and unexpected happened. In a local high school where punk was be-

lieved to be extinct, arose some individuals calling themselves the "South Florida Anarchist Youth Federation". While not considering myself an "anarchist" by the word(as I do not "punk" either as a label) I definately had interest in seeing what this was about and helping out. This took some time and energies from everyone involved but unfortunately did not work out.

Also through out this time, Emil and I took on a three week, five state tour, The $\frac{3}{4}$ of a year/ $\frac{4}{2}$ Finger records, I.V. League zine tour! (next issue) Then after that, returning to work, then school, then a $2\frac{1}{2}$ month trip (solo) this summer of '92, and am presently involved with the mailorder and trying to get it going with Emil and his label. Oh yea!, then when this issue was just about finished, my neighborhood gets hit by this Hurricane Andrew thing, no electricity for a week, no type, no Kinkos, fuck...So as you can see, I haven't been totally inactive since the last issue.

The unfortunate thing about all

this is that almost none of this issue was being done at these times. There were stacks and stacks of notes andrants and page ideas layed out but left unattended. This issue is the end result of a long and frustrating process of procrastination, getting an idea, sometimes laying out pages, letting them sit for days, weeks, months and then throwing them away. Being a perfectionist is a hard thing to be when nothing you do is anywhere near perfect so in the end nothing gets done or accomplished but frustration and self abuse. Ofcourse everything I mentioned before did not fully fill all the time between this and the last issue. I had time to do the zine, I just didn't. It seems I did more for other peoples zines than my own. For a while the motivation for doing a zine was so far gone that I had definately given up on the whole idea, thus no work done on the zine. Now I've gotten more on the idea of do it, get it done, let it stand or fall on its own, walk away.

MY HANDS ARE CLEAN AND
RID OF THIS — END.



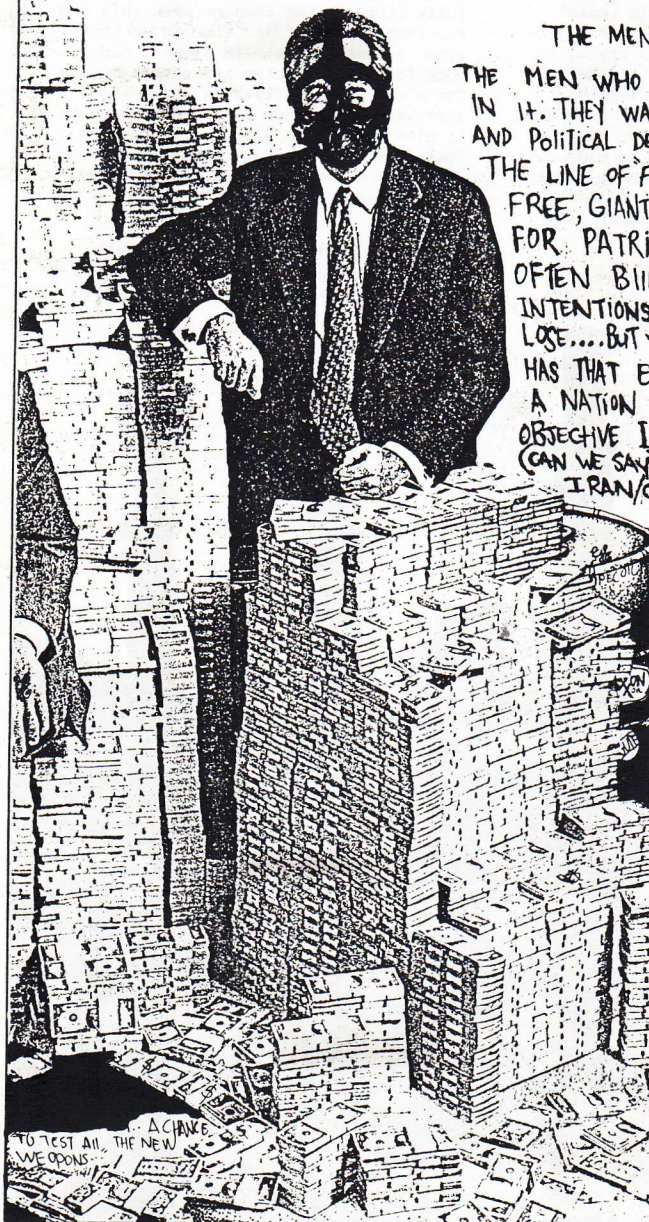
- CAN NIRVANA COLLECT (200) 932-1792
- SQUIRT A STREAM OF WATER/SALT SOLUTION INTO A DOLL'S EARS
- RECYCLE USED STAMPS: SOAK IN ALCOHOL, LIFTS CANCELLATION MARK


BUSINESS\$ AS USUAL

IN THE NAME OF WORLD PROFIT...
A KINDLER AND GENTLER AMERICA
FIRST ORDER FOR THE NEW
WORLD?

THE MEN WHO WANT THIS WAR ARE
THE MEN WHO AREN'T WILLING TO FIGHT
IN IT. THEY WANT YOU FOR THEIR BUSINESS
AND POLITICAL DEALS. THEY LURE YOU WITH
THE LINE OF 'FREEDOM' AND HOW IT ISN'T
FREE, GIANT FLAGS WAVING, CALLING
FOR PATRIOTISM, PATRIOTISM TOO
OFTEN BLIND TO THEIR TRUE
INTENTIONS. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO
LOSE... BUT YOUR LIFE! AND SINCE WHEN
HAS THAT EVER MEANT ANYTHING TO
A NATION AND COMPANIES WHOSE
OBJECTIVE IS POWER AND PROFIT?
(CAN WE SAY VIETNAM, THE 3RD WORLD,
IRAN/CONTRA, EL SALVADOR, ETC.)

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS
AND WAR IS BUSINESS!
WILL YOU STAND BEHIND A
COUNTRY THAT PREACHES
PEACE THROUGH MILITARY
INTIMIDATION AND SIMULT-
-ANEOUSLY CONDEMNS
OTHER COUNTRIES FOR DOING
THE SAME? NAKED AGGRESSION?
HUSSEIN COPIES THE U.S. ON
A SMALLER SCALE USING
WEAPONS SOLD
AND MADE BY THE
U.S.A. AND HER
ALLIES. THIS ISN'T
A WAR ABOUT FREEDOM
OR DEMOCRACY. KUWAIT
IS NOT A DEMOCRACY.
DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM DO
NOT EXIST HERE AND THIS
IS NOT THE FIRST TIME.
IRAK HAS TAKEN KUWAIT.
BUSINESS AS USUAL
IN AMERICAN LIFE. - DECEMBER 1990





Well, at first this issue was supposed to be about "the war". Now, "the war" is wide open and vague with all its available aspects and such. Due to the ages since our last "incident" (Storm), any attempt at covering the whole of the war would be senseless seeing as how any extremely vital or immediate information has already been covered via alternative press. Any pieces on war in this issue are here because I still think they have relevant information that applies today or some sort of personal meaning.

As time went on from the beginning of this zine, its direction changed. I noticed early on making this and the last issue that I was attracted to using more graphics than writings, only because I sometimes feel I can express myself better in that medium. This explains the almost every other page being a graphic this time around.

In reviewing my last issue I felt slightly bored by the whole thing. An intro, an interview, a short column, another interview and some rambling. While this was okay and the overall content and quality was self satisfactory it left me short of my original intention for the zine as a medium for expression with hopes of some sort of subversive quality. That is the direction I feel I want to continue moving this zine in along with my life. I want to share myself, my views, and feelings. I want to document the personal experience and convictions and efforts to do something that might matter. To document any type of creative expression, including music or politics and those involved. I want to cover the struggles and celebration of everyday life and most importantly, like before, the people involved and the connections between us all. That is what this is all about for me, self empowerment through expression and commitment to change through the actions of everyday life. Experiences are knowledge; lessons learned. I only share my experiences and ideas as expressions of myself to

you. If this inspires any type of thought; emotion; relation or communication, then it serves even more purpose than that of my own. It then hopefully (though not the intention) serves you too. "REALIZATION ABOUT PERSONAL ZINES" (from der cap'n's logg; the journal)- "They're pretty much diary like expressions. A peek, a glimpse into the soul, into the heart of a person. Its' power is in the possible connection to the reader, possibly relating and connecting to the editors personal experience and emotions. It creates a link, sharing a possible common ground. Strengthening or reinforcing the reader by connecting them to their own related feelings; finding the connection between everyone and everything while also strengthening and reinforcing the editor through the process of stating the hard to state personals. With such content in a zine the zine is either appreciated or discarded. Opening up always runs the risk of being hurt but it also runs the chance of gaining much. In the doing, you bring into being the strength to run the risks regardless and stand by the self". This is something I would like to do more of in my zine, we'll see... As it is obvious I feel I must sometimes restate something so simple - These are my views and ideas, take them for what they are, or what they may or may not offer.

QUICK NOTE- This zine is not a documentation of negativity or bitterness. This is not to say I go without anger, it is just an attempt to escape the whining, the complaining and self oppression that is so attainable (easily) in these times. It is to escape the boring and senseless bulk contents of boredom production. This is and isn't a political zine. It is a criticism, an observation of politics in form of personal view which in itself is political, this is about trying to be creative in my expression and sharing that with everyone. So now, I continue and go on with the zine.

-Thank you.



AS SEEN ON
TV

America parades its war dead

VISUAL TERRORISM

From months before the war was to happen, it was known, the "confrontation" seemed inevitable. The U.S. and UN allied forces pushing and threatening harder and harder, Iraq not backing down, soon was the war.

Early on, flyers were already appearing everywhere through out alternative

news sources, zines, newspapers, etc.. The beginning printed protests were taking place in forms of essays and graphics. As with both "sides" of the war, I seemingly quickly found myself obsessed with any of the little information coming out. I went looking through different sources in search of, not essays, but graphics and art, either for or against the war. Essays are fine and informative but what really caught my attention and really motivated me were the graphics, the posters used as visual mediums of protests.

This is where the idea for most of this zine came from. I wanted to document not only "the protest" but more the visual protest. Some of the flyers here were taken (and sometimes manipulated) from different texts as examples, this is as I said before "a collection of graphics" as a sort of re-distribution of information.

Graphics work in many ways, for one, the longest being as (all) propaganda, its power is in swaying the public to a cause using imagery to touch down deep inside the person. This in its traditional way has always been the major tool in any systems, or groups, or businesses functioning. Then comes along the classic saboteur with marker in hand, switching key words, "touching up" imagery here and there and the intent of the original message is reversed. This in turn consists of the same idea, that of to sway the viewer, only the side has changed; the area to sway is the opposite. It shows up in the hands, the walls, the television screens, in any printed matter from the hands of a person or group who stand against the altered message. Taking an art used to deceive to (hopefully) inform, activate.

The information herein is not solely meant for the Gulf War, but for any war, "conflict" or any incident, or campaign where the public is involved and needed, because the same tactics and mentality are applied to them all. You can't have a war unless everyone hates the enemy. All these "campaigns" function the same way using the same processes. From visual to verbal, all to strike the emotional. Social, political, all propaganda.

GRAPHICS CONTRIBUTED/resources not noted

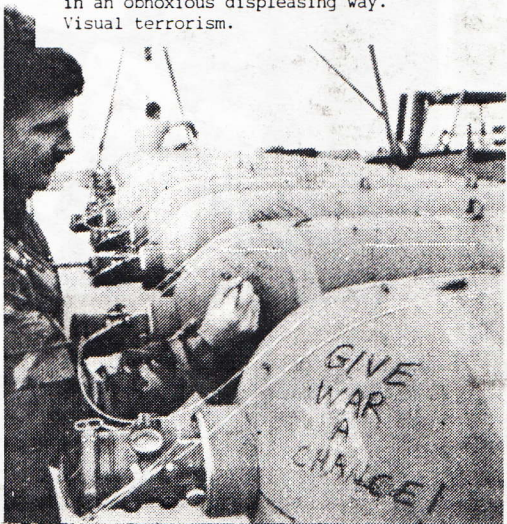
- JOHN YATES/Bottomline Press-POB 460683 San Francisco, CA 94146 USA (carrier for the cheerleaders/we supply the victims...)
- Washington Peace Center
- 24 Hour Peace Vigil
- Martin Sprouse/Pressure Drop Press (see ad)
- F.A.I.R.(Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting)
- Version 90
- Miami Herald
- Z magazine
- Propaganda magazine
- World Press Review
- Time/Life

We ridicule their conventions, question their culture and we laugh out loud.

Visual terrorism-aesthetic tactics-the weapon in the artists hand, the pen, the photocopier, the printer, the propaganda to be reversed and tampered to be used on its maker, the ideas and convictions, the zine, the wall, the wheat paste. An assault on the viewers eye, either the opposition or the unaware person uninformed of the situation. Easily assessed, accessed, an essay and punch; kick, in the visual medium, to spread, empower, inform, activate, remind, motivate. Tactic of the "aesthetic terrorist" in the visual war.

The visual medium becomes the universal language, the most basic and simplest form of communication. The communicator is no longer limited by a limited vocabulary or the receivers limited perception. The graphic medium portrays feelings, emotions, ideas, concepts, views that reach some kind of understanding. It bypasses the intellect and the literary and settles itself straight into the imagination. It works on a direct, touching and personal level. This becomes my expression of frustration of anger, or humor, happiness. It is an act of love or an attack an alarm.

Censorship and mass media in the age of mis-information, they admit this to us yet we still go on, eyes wide open without screaming without questioning. The media feeds the public but who feeds the media? For what reasons? We are the targets from the inside of the t.v. the newspapers, the magazines, the schools, the billboards, the ads, we are attacked from all sides, so what do we do? we take their images, their weapons take them over and manipulate them, turn them against themselves. We kidnap their images and dissect them, touch them up to serve our purposes and leak them back into their culture, the systems they came from. Either quietly and subtle, or loud and aggressive. To fuel the fire wherever they may be seen or sound the alarm for those blind to see. Delivering a direct kick to the face of the offender in an obnoxious displeasing way. Visual terrorism.

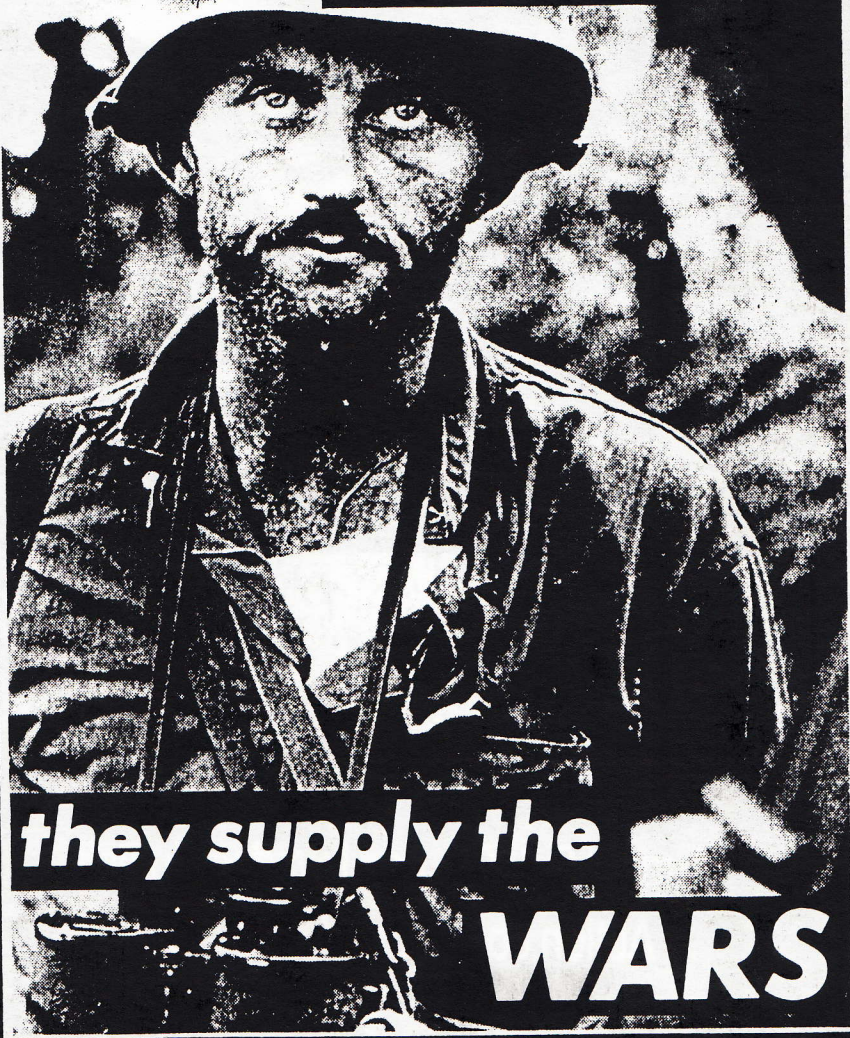




CARRION FOR THE CHEERLEADERS

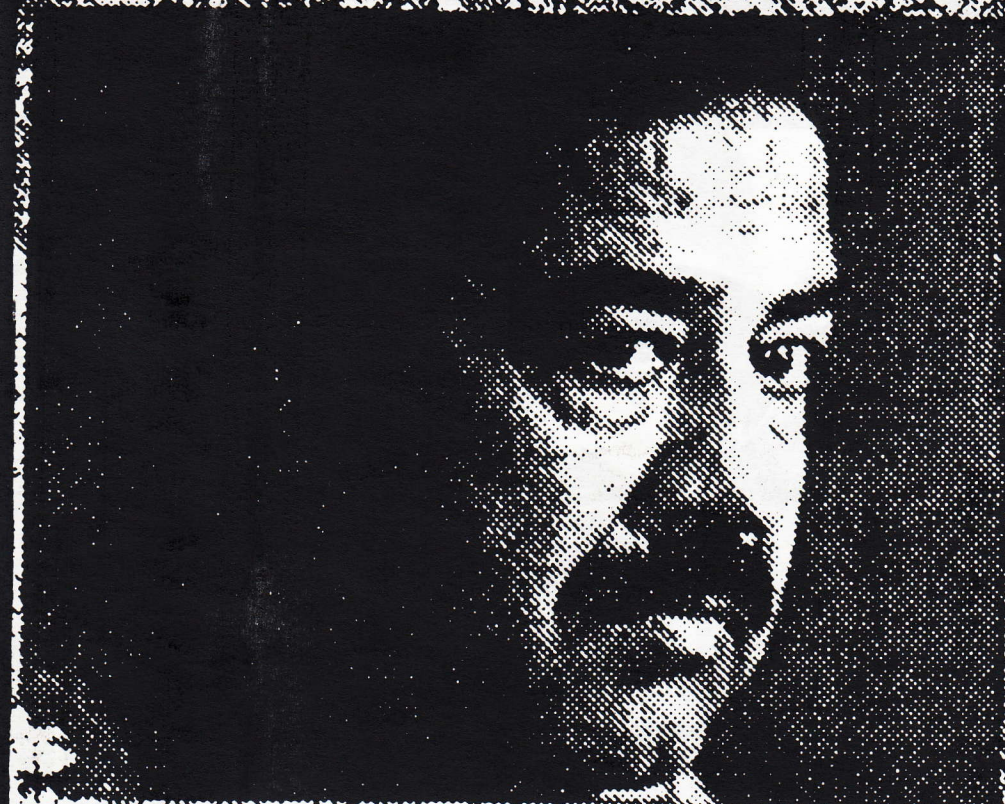
we supply the

VICTIMS



they supply the

WARS



August 2, 1990. Iraq Invades Kuwait.
Action condemned by the U.N.

Naked Aggression: Rewarded and Unrewarded

COUNTRY	AGGRESSION	ESTIMATED CIVILIAN DEATHS	NYT EDITORIALS (1st Month)	REWARD (U.S. Aid Since Invasion)
TURKEY	Occupied Northern Cyprus, 1974	3,000	3	\$6 billion
INDONESIA	Annexed East Timor, 1975	100,000	2	\$2 billion
MOROCCO	Annexed Western Sahara, 1975	5,000	2	\$1.5 billion
ISRAEL	Occupied Southern Lebanon, 1982	20,000	6	\$25 billion
IRAQ	Annexed Kuwait	700	23	

Note: The UN Security Council passed resolutions criticizing all these invasions
—Research: Sam Hussein

THE MAN IS A LIAR

1989 U.S. invades Panama.
Action condemned by the U.N.

1983-4 U.S. invades Grenada
Action condemned by the U.N.

1980 U.S. wages war with Nicaragua
Action condemned by the U.N.

..IN THE LAND OF
LIES DISHONESTY
...



THERE'S ALWAYS
ENOUGH CELEBRATION
TO HIDE THE TRUTH.

PHOTO: PAT GRAHAM

IN DEFENSE OF AMERICAN CITIES: BRING OUR TAX DOLLARS HOME

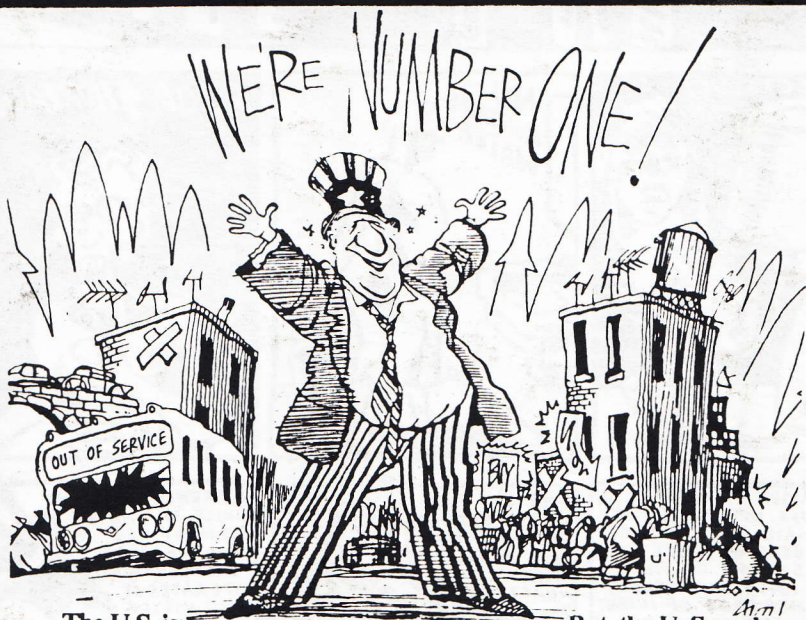
National security is more than military strength. National security is health care, good schools, jobs and job training, adequate housing, drug counseling and rehabilitation for those who need it, and enough food for everyone.

For the past eight years, the Pentagon has been siphoning off billions of dollars from vital social programs. But this has not increased our security. In many ways we are much worse off.

This year the United States will spend on the military:

(1989)

\$568,104 a minute ♦ \$34 million an hour ♦ \$818 million a day



The U.S. is:

- 1st in military spending & technology
- 1st in military bases
- 1st in military training of foreign forces
- 1st in military aid to foreign countries
- 1st in nuclear weapons
- 1st in handgun deaths
- 1st in citizens per capita in prison
- 1st in debt
- 1st in child poverty & teenage pregnancy

But the U. S. ranks:

- 10th in public education expenditure per capita
- 13th in school age population per teacher
- 14th in literacy rate
- 15th in life expectancy
- 19th in women's university enrollment
- 19th in overall quality of life
- 22nd in infant mortality
- 24th in population per physician
- 32nd in infants immunized against measles

Source: World Military and Social Expenditures 1986, Ruth Leger Seward, World Priorities.

CUT MILITARY SPENDING AND FUND HUMAN NEEDS

"HOW THE U.S. WON THE WAR

THE RECENT CONFLICT HAS BROUGHT NEAR APOCALYPTIC RESULTS UPON THE ECONOMIC INFRA-STRUCTURE OF WHAT HAD BEEN UNTIL JAN. 1991, A HIGHLY URBANIZED AND MECHANIZED SOCIETY."
UNITED NATIONS REPORT ON IRAQ.



NO ELECTRICITY



NO RUNNING WATER



FOOD SHORTAGES



"THE FORMER HEAD OF IRAQ, RED CROSS ESTIMATES THAT THERE HAVE BEEN 3000 INFANT DEATHS SINCE NOV. 1990, IN EXCESS OF THE NORMAL RATE DUE SOLELY TO A SHORTAGE OF INFANT FORMULA AND MEDICINES."

IRAQ'S
NORMAL
CON-
SUMP-
TION:
2500
TONS
PER-
MONTH
OF BABYMILK



IRAQ'S
WARTIME
CON-
SUMP-
TION:
14
TONS

ONE OF THE
EARLY TARGETS
OF U.S. BOMBING
WAS A BABY-
MILK
FACTORY.



THE U.S.
CLAIM THAT
THE PLANT
MANUFAC-
TURED
CHEMICAL
WARFARE
MATERIAL IS
FALSE.



A FRENCH COMPANY
BUILT IT. THE 20
OR MORE PEOPLE
WHO WE INTER-
VIEWED, WHO
OPERATED IT,
WHO VISTED
IT BEFORE ITS
DESTRUCTION...
SAY IT WAS A
PLANT PROCES-
SING BABY
MILK FORMULA.
RAMSEY
CLARK



The journalistic ethos was r the war started. The U.S. 1 in launching a surprise at-rumpeted to the rest of the g according to plan. that, as was mentioned in a 'absolutely all information

Several American experts have asked whether the restricted freedom of the press during the Gulf war might have led to a dangerous distortion of reality. "No one talks about the number of Iraqis killed or the role of America in the Arab world; the debate has been unilaterally shifted to the triumph of American war technology," according to Michael Schiffer and Michael Rinzler of the

JANUARY 1991: THE MASS MEDIA REPORTED THAT THE PENTAGON WAS USING A NEW GENERATION OF "SMART" BOMBS THAT WOULD AVOID CIVILIAN TARGETS.



BUT IN SECRET THEY ALSO USED MANY WORLD WAR TWO SURPLUS OLD FASHIONED DUMB BOMBS.



I REPORTED THIS IN MY COLUMN IN TOWN, A LOCAL N.Y. PAPER.



I DID NOT SEE THIS COVERED IN MAIN-STREAM MEDIA.

UNTIL THE WARE-ED



PETER ARNETTE'S REPORTS OF CIVILIAN CASUALTIES WERE DISMISSED AS IRAQI PROPAGANDA.



RAMSEY CLARK DROVE THROUGH IRAQ DURING THE BOMBING AND MADE A VIDEO.



BUT MOST PEOPLE SAW NEVER IT!

THE U.S.A. WON BY DESTROYING HOSPITALS, WATERWORKS, ROADS, CITIES.



THE PENTAGON NOW ADMITS MOST OF THE BOMBS WERE DUMB.



AS WAS MOST OF THE MEDIA, HOW COULD ARNETTE, CLARK, AND I, KNOW SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T?



THE U.S. IS GUILTY OF MASS MURDER. THE MEDIA IS AN ACCOMPLICE.



exploitation. Sometimes the deaths occurring in Iraq were literally forgotten, as when Ted Koppel (1/23/91) said, on a day when clearing weather allowed 2,000 bombing runs over Baghdad, "Aside from the Scud missile that landed in Tel Aviv earlier, it's been a quiet night in the

Middle East."

From:
WORLD WAR 3 ILLUSTRATED
P.O. BOX 20271
Tompkins Sq. Station
NY, NY 10009

"... IT WAS A PERILOUS TIME FOR SOUTH FLORIDA. ALTHOUGH NEW SHOWS HAD BEEN SET-UP, THE NEW ALLIANCE WOULD SOON CRUMBLE WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF NEW BANDS TO PRESERVE ORDER THROUGHOUT THE NEW REPUBLIC AND TO KEEP SHOWS GOING.

IN GREAT HOPE AND DESPAIR, A FEW GROUPS OF COMMITTED AND DEDICATED VOLUNTEERS TO THE CAUSE ARE BIOGENETICALLY ALTERED AND ENGINEERED; FORGED INTO THE NEW HOPES, AMONG THEM ... **THE TRI RAILS.**"

—FROM THE BRIEFINGS, EPISODE SIX.

"PUNK AS HECK" — SCOTT.

"... GET YOUR TICKET PUNCHED AND RIDE THE RAIL THROUGH THE APOCALYPSE." — SPIN
SEND TWO .29¢ STAMPS TO:

1520 NW 8TH ST / BOCA RATON FL 33486

the Tri Rails "Fish Demo"



NEW
NEW
NEW

THE HUMAN Oddities

\$3.00 ppd
each

"The Earth Will Shake!!" 7"

Still Laying Around My Room:

7"

Order now and get a copy of the 1st Human Oddities 7" absolutely FREE!!!

staight



youth



Cash or M.O. to: Emil Busse

NO CHECKS, please.

42 FINGER
RECORDS

8810 SW 132 pl. 306 D
Miami, FLA 33186

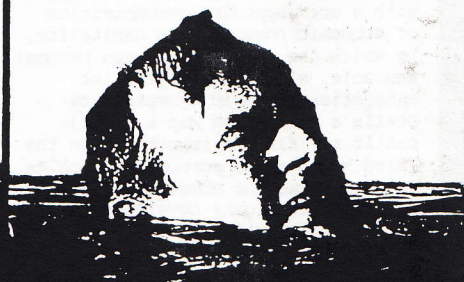
I originally came across this article in a magazine/book called "VERSION 90." It explained how this text was reprinted from a flyer distributed by the BUREAU of PUBLIC SECRETS. This article was originally called "BORED TO DEATH how the left won the photocopying battle - but lost the war."

SO NOW IN HONOR OF UNDERGROUND PUNK TRADITION (PLAGIARISM) I REPRINT AND PRESENT YOU THE SAME ARTICLE IN ITS FULL TEXT WITH SOME OF THE SAME GRAPHICS AND FIVERS, AND OTHERS INCLUDED.

RE-INVENT THE IMAGERY OF RESISTANCE IN A COUNTRY OF SPECTATORS:

The orchestration of the Gulf war was a glaring expression of what the situatuionists call the spectacle - the development of modern society to the point where images dominate life. The war's PR campaign was as important as the military one. How this or that tactic would play in the media became a major strategic consideration. It didn't matter much whether the bombing was actually "surgical" as long as the coverage was; if the victims didn't appear, it was as if they didn't exist. The "Nintendo effect" worked so well that euphoric generals had to caution against too much public euphoria for fear that it might backfire. Interviews with soldiers in the desert revealed that they, like everyone else, depended almost totally on the media to tell them what was supposedly happening. The domination of image over reality was sensed by everyone. A large portion of the coverage consisted of coverage of the coverage. The spectacle itself presented superficial debates on the new level of instant global spectacularization and its effects on the spectator.

Nineteenth-century capitalism alienated people from themselves and from each other by alienating them from the products of their own activity. This alienation has been intensified as those products have increasingly become "productions" that we passively contemplate. The power of the mass media is only the most obvious manifestation of this development; in the larger sense the spectacle is everything - from arts to politics - that become autonomous representations of life. "The spectacle is not a collection of



170,000 children will die from water-borne diseases and malnutrition next year in Iraq. These deaths are the result of destruction caused by Operation Desert Storm.

Engulfed

images, but a social relationship among people, mediated by images" (Debord, The Society of the Spectacle).

Along with arms profits, oil control, international power struggles and other factors which have been so widely discussed as to need no comment here, the war involved contradictions between the two basic forms of spectacle society. In the "diffuse spectacle" people are lost amid the variety of competing spectacles, commodities, styles and

ideologies that are presented for their consumption. The diffuse spectacle arises within societies of pseudoabundance (America is the prototype and still the unchallenged world leader of spectacle production, despite its decline in other regards); but it is also broadcast to less developed regions - being one of the main means by which the latter are dominated.

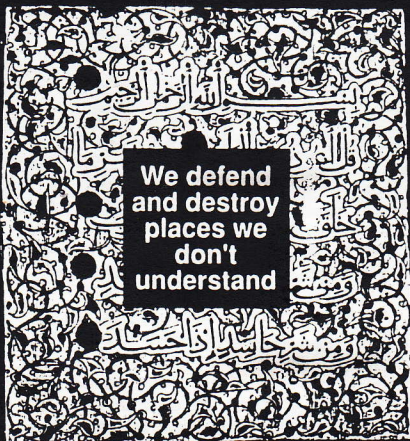
Saddam's regime is an example of the rival "concentrated spectacle," in which people are conditioned to identify with the omnipresent image of the totalitarian leader as compensation for being deprived of virtually everything else. This image concentration is normally associated with a corresponding concentration of economic power, state capitalism, in which the state itself has become the sole, all-owning capitalist enterprise (classic examples are Stalin's Russia and Mao's China); but it may also be imported into the Third World mixed economies (such as Saddam's Iraq) or even, in times of crisis, into highly developed economies (such as Hitler's Germany). But for the most part the concentrated spectacle is a crude stopgap for regions as yet incapable of sustaining the variety of illusions of the diffuse spectacle, and in the long run it tends to succumb to the latter, more flexible form (as recently in eastern Europe and the USSR). At the same time, the diffuse form is tending to incorporate certain features of the concentrated one.

The Gulf War reflected this convergence. The closed world of Saddam's concentrated spectacle dissipated under the global floodlights of the diffuse spectacle; while the latter used the war as a pretext and a testing ground for implementing typically "concentrated" methods of control-- censorship, orchestration of patriotism, suppression of dissent. But the mass media are so monopolized, so pervasive and (despite token grumbling) so subservient to establishment policies that overtly repressive methods were hardly needed. The spectators, under the impression that they were expressing their own considered views, parroted the catch phrases and debated the pseudo-issues that the media had instilled in them day after day, and as in any other spectator sport, loyally "supported" the home team in the desert by rooting for it.

This media control was reinforced by the spectators' own internalized conditioning. Socially and psychologically repressed, people are drawn to spectacles of violent conflict that allow their accumulated frustrations to explode in socially condoned orgasms of collective pride and hate. Deprived of significant accomplishments in their own work and leisure, they participate vicariously in military enterprises that have real and undeniable effects. Lacking genuine community, they thrill to the sense of sharing common purpose, if only that of fighting some common enemy, and react angrily against anyone who contradicts the image of patriotic unanimity. The individual's life may be a farce, the society may be falling apart, but all complexities and uncertainties are temporarily forgotten in the self-assurance that comes from identifying with the state.

War is the truest expression of the state, and its most powerful reinforcement. Just as capitalism must create artificial needs for its increasingly superfluous commodities, the state must continually create artificial conflicts of interest requiring its violent intervention. The fact that the state incidentally provides a few "social services" merely camouflages its fundamental nature as a protection racket. When two states go to war the net result is as if each state had made war on its own people who are then taxed to pay for it. The Gulf War was a particularly gross example: Several states eagerly sold billions of dollars' worth of arms to another state, then massacred hundreds of thousands of conscripts and civilians in the name of neutralizing its dangerously large arsenal. The multinational corporations that own these states now stand to make still more

مودة الى لو مدس و ا هـ د ل م



مكد اسما اقمي ايات السمس ا ل ل ا ل ا ل

THE TRUTH.



The Shopping Channel won't let you do it...

SHOPPING FOR DEMOCRACY

A creative event to counter WAR TV and other media-ted (dis)information.

Presidents' Day is one of the biggest sale days in the shopping year. Use this opportunity to reach Boston area shoppers. Take it to the streets malls. Create an unconventional political situation. Check out Filene's Basement. Shop for Democracy.

First, there will be a **SILENT PROCESSION** through shopping district(s). We'll all be wearing black (or dark) clothes. We'll be carrying television shaped signs (not unlike the above). The signs will have facts about the war 'not seen on TV'. Some of us will wear masks. Some of us will be gagged by plastic yellow "CAUTION" or "DANGER KEEP OUT" tape (you know, the kind they use on police lines and construction sites) tied in ribbons at the back of our heads. Some of us will have other creative inspirations.

Then, there will be a **WHITE NOISE DEMONSTRATION** outside. We'll play our portable radios, boom boxes, "watchmans", etc. and noisemakers — a cacophony to re-present the media's WAR infoglut (lots of info, no truth).

This will be a nonviolent action against the war. It will be serious, humorous, inventive, spontaneous, inspirational, decentralized, and of course, PCI. Tell your affinity group, friends, neighbors, sewing circle... Remember to wear black. Bring coats or shopping bags to conceal signs, etc. before we go into stores. Bring radios, boom boxes (with fresh batteries), noisemakers, earplugs, masks, anything else you wish to make this action provocative and interesting. Signs will be provided, but bring your own if you like.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18. Meet at NOON outside Park St. Station.

In case of poor weather we'll meet downstairs.

Brought to you by those folks at

SIT COM INTERNATIONAL

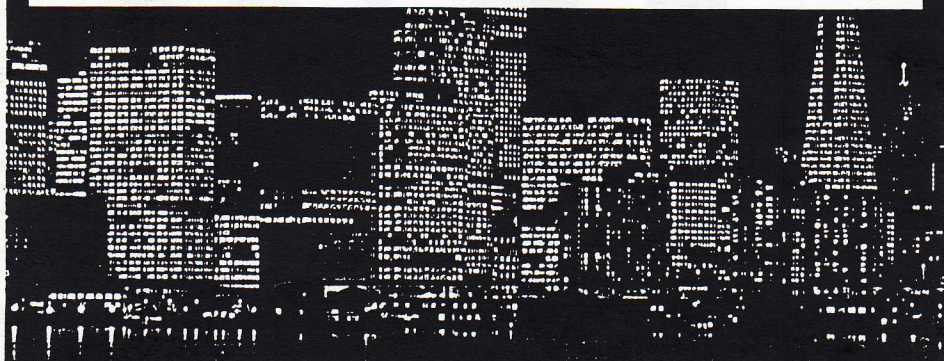
Call MIT Peace Hotline for information: 258.6761.

billions of dollars restocking armaments and rebuilding the countries they have ravaged.

Whatever happens on the Middle East in the complex aftermath of the war, one thing is certain: the first aim of all the states and would-be states, overriding all their conflicting interests, will be to crush or to coopt any truly radical popular movement. On this issue Bush and Saddam, Mubarak and Rafsanjani, Shamir and Arafat are all partners. The

American government, which piously insisted that its war was "not against the Iraqi people but only against its brutal dictator," has now given Saddam another "green light" to slaughter and torture those Iraqis who have courageously risen against him. American officials openly admit that they prefer continued police-military rule in Iraq (with or without Saddam) to any form of democratic self-rule that might "destabilize" the region -i.e., that might give neighboring peoples the in-

GENERAL STRIKE!



The city is a machine where we live to work and shop. This machine is a part of the war economy, and it's time to make it stop.

Suggestions:

- 1) Municipalize utilities, transportation and media.
- 2) Withdraw holdings and savings from banks.
- 3) Distribute free food to the general populace.
- 4) Take to the streets by the hundreds of thousands.

Refuse to:

- 1) Participate in regular daily business.
- 2) Purchase all products.
- 3) Absorb dis-information (television, newspapers and radio).
- 4) Be intimidated by self appointed authorities such as landlords, bosses and cops.

La ciudad es una machina donde vivimos, trabajamos, y consumimos. Esta machina es parte de la economia de guerra. Es tiempo que la paremos.

Sugerencias:

- 1) Asumir el control de los medios de transporte, servicio público, y información.
- 2) Sacar los fondos y cuentas de ahorros de los bancos.
- 3) Distribuir comida gratis a la población.
- 4) Salir a las calles en gran multitud.

Hay que rechazar:

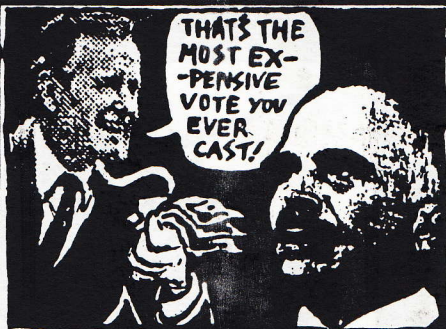
- 1) La participación en la vida cotidiana (ej. escuela, trabajo).
- 2) Comprar todo producto.
- 3) Las desinformaciones de televisión, radio y periódicos.
- 4) La intimidación de los dueños de casa, patrones y policías.

spiration for similar revolts against their own rulers.

In America, the "success" of the war has diverted attention from the acute social problems that the system is incapable of solving, reinforcing the power of the militarist establishment and the complacency of the patriotic spectators. While the latter are busy watching war reruns and exulting at victory parades, the most interesting question is what will happen with the people who saw through the show.

The most significant thing about the movement against the Gulf war was its unexpected spontaneity and diversity. In the space of a few days hundreds of thousands of people all over the country took part in vigils, blockades, teach-ins, and a wide variety of other actions. By February the coalitions that had called the huge January marches - some factions of which would normally have tended to work for "mass unity" under their own bureaucratic guidance - recognized that the movement was far beyond any possibility of centralization or control, and agreed to leave the main impetus to grassroots initiative.

Most of the participants had already been treating the big marches simply as gathering points while remaining more or less indifferent to the coalitions officially in charge



FOR NOT JOINING, YEMEN LOST 70 MILLION, JORDAN LOST 70 MILLION.



EGYPT GOT FORGIVEN A 7 BILLION \$ DEBT. ISRAEL ASKED FOR 138 BILLION \$



BUSH WENT TO THE UNITED NATIONS TO BUY AN INTERNATIONAL COALITION.



RUSSIA GOT 4 BILLION \$ WORTH OF FOOD. CHINA GOT FORGIVEN FOR TIENENMEN SQ.



SYRIA GOT FOREIGN AID RESTORED. ARGENTINA GOT MORE WORLD BANK CREDIT.



CAPITALISM RULES!

SETH TOBOCKMAN



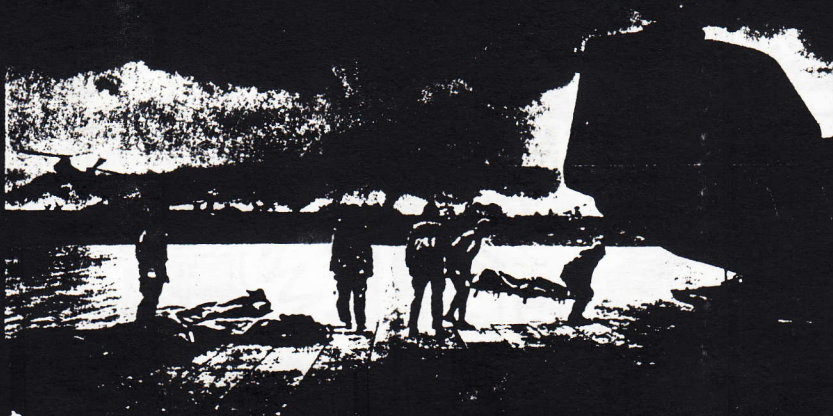
WAR IS SEXY

(often not even bothering to stay around and listen to the usual ranting speeches). The real interaction was not between stage and audience, but among the individuals carrying their own homemade signs, handing out their own leaflets, playing their music doing their street theater, discussing their ideas with friends and strangers, discovering a sense of community in the face of the insanity.

It will be a sad waste of spirit if

these persons become ciphers, if they allow themselves to be channeled into quantitative, lowest-common-denominator political projects - tediously drumming up votes to elect "radical" politicians who will invariably sell them out, collecting signatures in support of "progressive" laws that will usually have little effect even if passed, recruiting "bodies" for demonstrations whose numbers in any case be under-reported or ignored by the media. If

THE FUTURE OF YOUR CHILDREN



IS IN OUR BODY-BAGS

TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN

JOHN YATES

they want to contest the hierarchial system they must reject hierarchy in their own methods and relations. If they want to break through the spectacle-induced stupor, they must use their own imaginations. If they want to incite others, they themselves must experiment.

Those who saw through the war became aware, if they weren't already, of how much the media falsify reality. personal participation made this awareness more vivid. To take part in a peace march of a hundred thousand people and then see it given equal time coverage with a prowar demonstration of a few dozen is an illuminating experience - it brings home the bizzare unreality of the spectacle, as well as calling into question the relevance of tactics based on communicating radical viewpoints by way of the mass media. Even while the war was still going on the protesters saw that they had to confront these questions, and in countless discussions and symposiums on "the war and the media" they examined not only the blatant lies and overt blackouts, but the more subtle methods of media distortion - use of emotionally loaded images; isolation of events from their historic context; limitation of debate to "reasonable" options; framing of dissident viewpoints in ways that trivialize them;

personification of complex realities (Saddam=Iraq); objectification of persons ("collateral damage"); etc. These examinations are continuing and are giving rise to a veritable industry of articles, lectures and books analyzing every aspect of media falsification.

The most naive see the falsifications as mere mistakes that might be corrected if enough members of the audience call in and complain, or otherwise pressure the mass media into presenting a somewhat wider range of viewpoints. At its most radical the perspective is expressed in the limited but suggestive tactic of picketing particular media.

Others, aware that the mass media are owned by the same interests that own the state and the economy and will thus inevitably represent those interests, concentrate on disseminating suppressed information through various alternative media. But the glut of sensational information constantly broadcast in the spectacle is so deadening that the revelation of one more lie or scandal or atrocity seldom leads to anything but increased depression and cynicism.

Others try to break through this apathy by adopting the manipulative methods of propaganda and advertising. An antiwar film, for example, is generally assumed to have a "powerful" effect if it presents a barrage of the

"Collateral Damage"



What are you celebrating?

photo by Rick Reinhardt

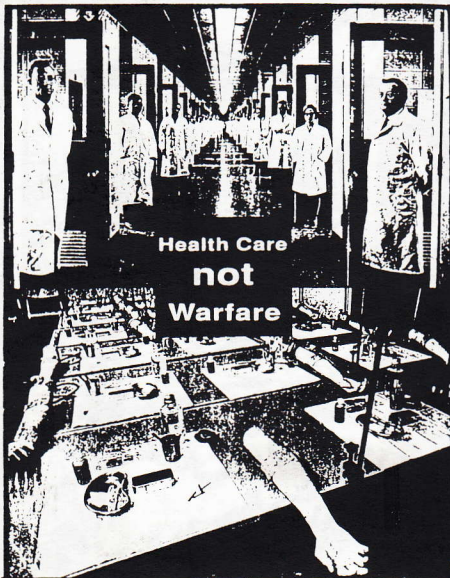
horrors of war. The actual subliminal effect of such a barrage is, if anything, prowar - getting caught up in an irresistible onslaught of chaos and violence (as long as it remains comfortably vicarious) is precisely what is exciting about war to jaded spectators. Overwhelming people with a rapid succession of emotion-rousing images only confirms them in their habitual sense of helplessness in the face of a world beyond their control. Spectators with thirty-second attention spans may be shocked into a momentary antiwar revulsion by pictures of napalmed babies, but they may just as easily be whipped into a fascistic fury the next day by different images - of flag burners, say.

Regardless of their ostensibly radical messages, alternative media have generally reproduced the dominant spectacle-spectator relation. The point is to undermine it - to challenge the conditioning that makes people susceptible to media manipulation in the first place, which ultimately means challenging the social organization that produces the conditioning, that turns people into spectators of prefabricated adventures because they are prevented from creating their own.

**Bureau of Public Secrets
P.O. Box 1044**

Berkeley, CA 94701

No copyright, 3 April 1991



D. Alwan - Boston

BURNING UP WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR

- * The US Department of Defense is the single largest consumer of oil in the world.
- * In 25 minutes, a single seater F-15 jet can burn 625 gallons of fuel, more than the average US motorist uses in a year.
- * An aircraft carrier will put away that much fuel in under 7 minutes.
- * The military consumed about 200 million barrels of oil in 1989 enough energy to run the entire US urban mass transit system for 14 years
- * During the Vietnam War oil usage rose to over 1 million barrels per day. The war against Iraq could use at least that much, meaning that we would consume far more than we imported from Iraq and Kuwait combined before the conflict began.
- * The military is far more dependent upon oil than the rest of US society, getting 79% of its energy from oil versus only 34% for the US as a whole.
- * A body bag requires 3 cups of oil to produce.

[Source: (Gar Smith, "The Military's Oil Addiction", Earth Island Journal, February 1991)]

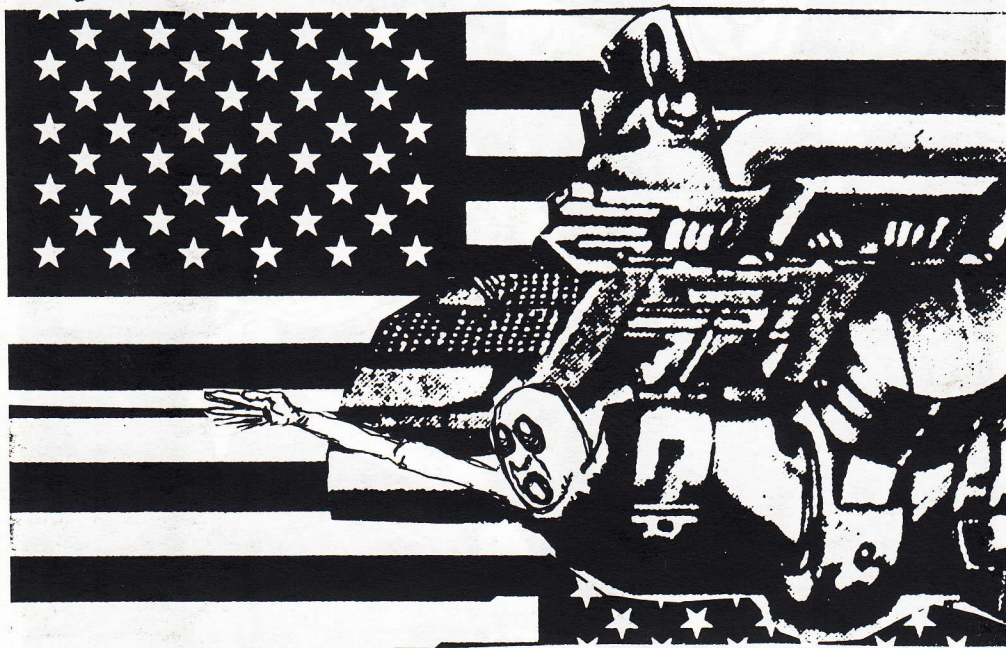
A spit-shined ~~and~~ U.S. military marches ~~on its way to~~ ~~Victory~~ ~~about~~ 200,000 people turned out ~~on~~ cruise missiles, tanks, helicopters, jets, boats and artillery — all in honor of ~~the~~ War ~~celebration~~. Earlier, a somber President Bush reflected ~~on~~ the war's ~~ceremony~~ ~~Moved~~ ~~tears for the second time~~ ~~in days,~~ ~~then~~ ~~147 American~~ ~~servicemen and women~~ ~~died~~ ~~in the Gulf War.~~ ~~Story, 16A.~~

Associated Press



"THE ONLY WAY I WOULD
GIVE A COP FLOWERS IS IN
A POT FROM A HIGH WINDOW"
-W. BURROUGHS.

LOOK INTO THE FACE
OF THE AMERICAN
LIE....~~*~~ CYBORG
SADISTS ON EVERY



BEAT...~~*~~ A NATION OF
JUNKYS... STRUNG OUT ON
YELLOW RIBBONS, STARS, AND STRIPES,
~~*~~ A GLUTTONOUS MECHANIZATION,
LEAVING ONLY PAIN AND DEATH
IN ITS WAKE.... YOUR AMERICA.

'we embark on a new order, not only for the deutchland
but for the world as well' Adolf Hitler

this is just the beginning, the start of a new world
order' George Bush

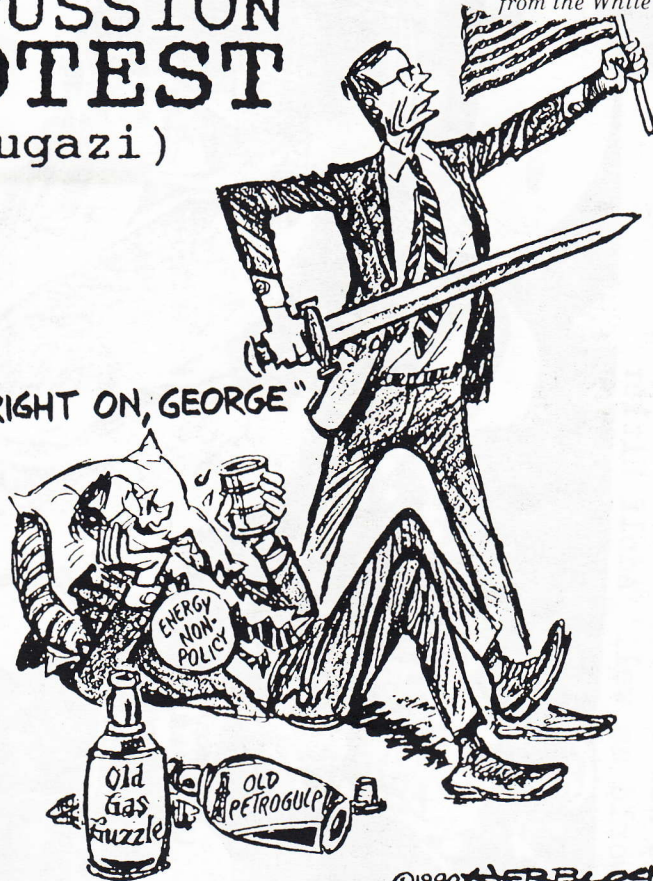
LAST THREE PAGES BY CHUCK OF GET LOOSE MAGAZINE. CONTACT:
1520 NW 8th St / Boca Raton, FL 33486

PUNK PERCUSSION PROTEST

(w/ Fugazi)

WAR ON POVERTY
NOT

"RIGHT ON, GEORGE"



©1990 HERBLOCK

IN THE MIDDLE EAST

(TAKEN FROM A PUNK PERCUSSION FLYER / A POSITIVE FORCE BENEFIT BOOKLET)

TRUTH IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CASUALTY IN WAR... It's crucial for us to remember that all governments lie, including our own. Let also remember that 1000s of Kuwaitis and Iraqis (including many innocent civilians) would die in a war as well.



TAKEN FROM NEWSWEEK

WAR WOUNDS (the war at home goes on)

The war came..and the war went. We won.

But who are "we" and what really did we "win"? It's pretty hard to say. The war was against "aggression", for "freedom", we were told. Freedom? The big debate in "liberated" Kuwait is over what minor cosmetic adjustments can be made to their monarchy. Real democracy is not on their agenda. Dozens of people suspected of being sympathetic to the occupation have been imprisoned, tortured, even killed. Most didn't get any trial. Those that did, got a mockery of justice so pathetic that--after embarrassing news reports in the world media--the trials were called off. The accused weren't freed, however. Now they rot in jail.

In both Kuwait and our beloved ally Saudi Arabia (another absolute monarchy), women are barely accorded more rights than beasts of burden. They certainly could not be allowed to vote--or even drive cars for that matter! As we fought our war for "freedom", the internationally respected organization, Human Rights Watch, put out a listing of the five worst human rights violators in the world. Iraq was one--but Kuwait and Saudi Arabia were listed as well. Does this sound like "fighting for freedom" to you?

But still there's that other word--"aggression". Bush's New World Order opposes it, we're told. We were protecting Kuwait against aggression. We're all so proud of our selfless sacrifice...which, of course has **nothing** whatsoever to do with controlling "our" Persian Gulf oil! Meanwhile, in the Pacific Rim, in a faraway country named East Timor, news comes of 200 peaceful demonstrators cut down by gunfire from the occupying Indonesian Army. The guns happen to be provided by the USA, but it's no big news here. Why? Indonesia's been occupying East Timor for over a decade and a half. Human rights groups like Amnesty International estimate that since Indonesia invaded about 100-200,000 Timorese have died from war, murder or famine generated by the occupation. **That is nearly 1/3 of Timor's population....an act of genocide nearing the level of the Holocaust during WWII or Cambodia in the years 1975-79.**

There's no outrage here in America though. Indonesia's leaders aren't compared to Hitler or Satan in our press. In fact, I bet you've never even heard of East Timor. Why not? **This is US-supported aggression.** As George Orwell, brilliant student of language and its abuse by the powers that be, once said "The nationalist has a great ability to not feel remorse about the crimes committed by his country, in fact, he has a great propensity to never even hear of them." Think he's wrong? I don't.

Let me recount a little bit of history for you. Indonesia has been a close ally of the USA ever since a military coup toppled an elected but left-leaning regime during the days of the Vietnam war in the mid Sixties. This CIA-supported coup led to the murder of 500,000- one million people suspected of being "communists". A decade before the term "killing fields" became synonymous with genocide in Cambodia, the rivers ran red in Indonesia. In fact, on occasions, streams there were literally choked with dead bodies from the carnage. Official US sources have now admitted that the CIA and US Embassy supplied the Indonesian military with names of "suspected" subversives to be killed. By 1975, when Indonesian military rulers decided to invade East Timor, our leaders didn't seem to mind at all. Other countries, human rights groups, the UN spoke out against this, but we were silent. Our US guns were being used in an internationally condemned act of brutal aggression--yet somehow how our exceedingly moral leadership and populace accepted these deaths with great serenity. How different than our reaction to Saddam's invasion!

But then what's so new about that? East Timor is not the only instance in our history where aggression fit with our interests and, so, we didn't mind the aggression so much. Moreover, we certainly accepted the deaths of innocent people just fine in Iraq. We will never know--not that most Americans care to anyway--the untold thousands of innocent victims (better known as "collateral damage") who died during our war for "liberation" of Kuwait. After the war, it was admitted by the military-- to little notice or concern-- that despite the propaganda during the war about our "Smart Bombs", **perhaps as many as 75% of our bombs had missed their targets.** Given that this was the most intense bombing campaign ever in history, obviously many innocent people must have perished--by some estimates, as many as 200,000. Moreover, just as Kissinger , Nixon and Ford had done a decade earlier, a rebellious ethnic group, the Kurds, were first incited to rebellion by us and then summarily abandoned when their usefulness as pawns in our geopolitical game had waned.

But still, that was "them", faceless, nameless Arabs, it wasn't us. The war was antiseptic. So few of "us" died, remember? **We won.** "We"? The oil still is in the hands of our corporations and (for a profitable price) our consumers, yes. The US is the unchallenged superpower in the world, yes. This was a "feelgood" war, a war to exorcise the ghosts of Vietnam, a war to give war a good name again. The story's moral? It's a scary one--war is an answer. Or so they would have us believe.

But back home, "we" shouldn't be so sure. Back home, our inner cities are still disintegrating cesspools of drugs, violence and hopelessness. Racism , sexism, homophobia, censorship--all are alive and thriving. Our health care system is still insanely expensive and strained to the point of collapse, AIDS is still epidemic with no cure in sight. Our lawmakers have mortgaged all of us to bail out the savings and loan industry, while homelessness grows, while our schools deteriorate and grow ever more unequal and underfunded. Recession is deepening and unemployment is rising. More violence, more poor people, more desperation, more inequality. What could the billions spent on war have done to help the needy back home? We'll never know.

The war was a great diversion, a smokescreen to keep our eyes off the real rot in America's system and soul. As with the Iran-contra affair and Watergate, our "democracy" was the real victim of the war. Above all, the war showed how easy we the American public are to control. Knee jerk nationalism and the corporate media were the tools...and we were the fools. The war was an entertainment extravaganza, televised, anesthetized and sanitized. It was the noisy distraction diverting your attention while the pickpocket empties your pockets. So far, most of America has fallen for it, hook, line and press release sinker.

The Persian Gulf War is over, more or less. The corporations and militarists won. We, the average people of the USA, didn't. Innocent people both there and here bear the ugly wounds, paid the real costs of this "splendid little war."

But the real war goes on. The stakes are high. It's a war for your mind, your body, your life. The New World Order doesn't mean peace, justice, freedom, morality--it means US domination, corporate control and "don't you step out of line, punk!" We are living in the modern Rome and the real war is to save ourselves, our society and our world from self-destruction born of greed and short-sightedness. The front line is not some desert far away--it's wherever you are right now. Your duty is not to be fooled, to fight the bullshit, to care, to resist, to organize, to speak and act. There is a war...

See you there.

Mark Andersen, Positive Force DC
3510 N. 8th, Arlington VA 22201
(with a nod to I.M. for inspiration)

UNCLE GEORGE WANTS YOU

to **f**orget

FaiLING **BANKS,**

Education,

Drugs, **a**IDS,

poor health care,

UNEMPLOYMENT Crime,

Racism,

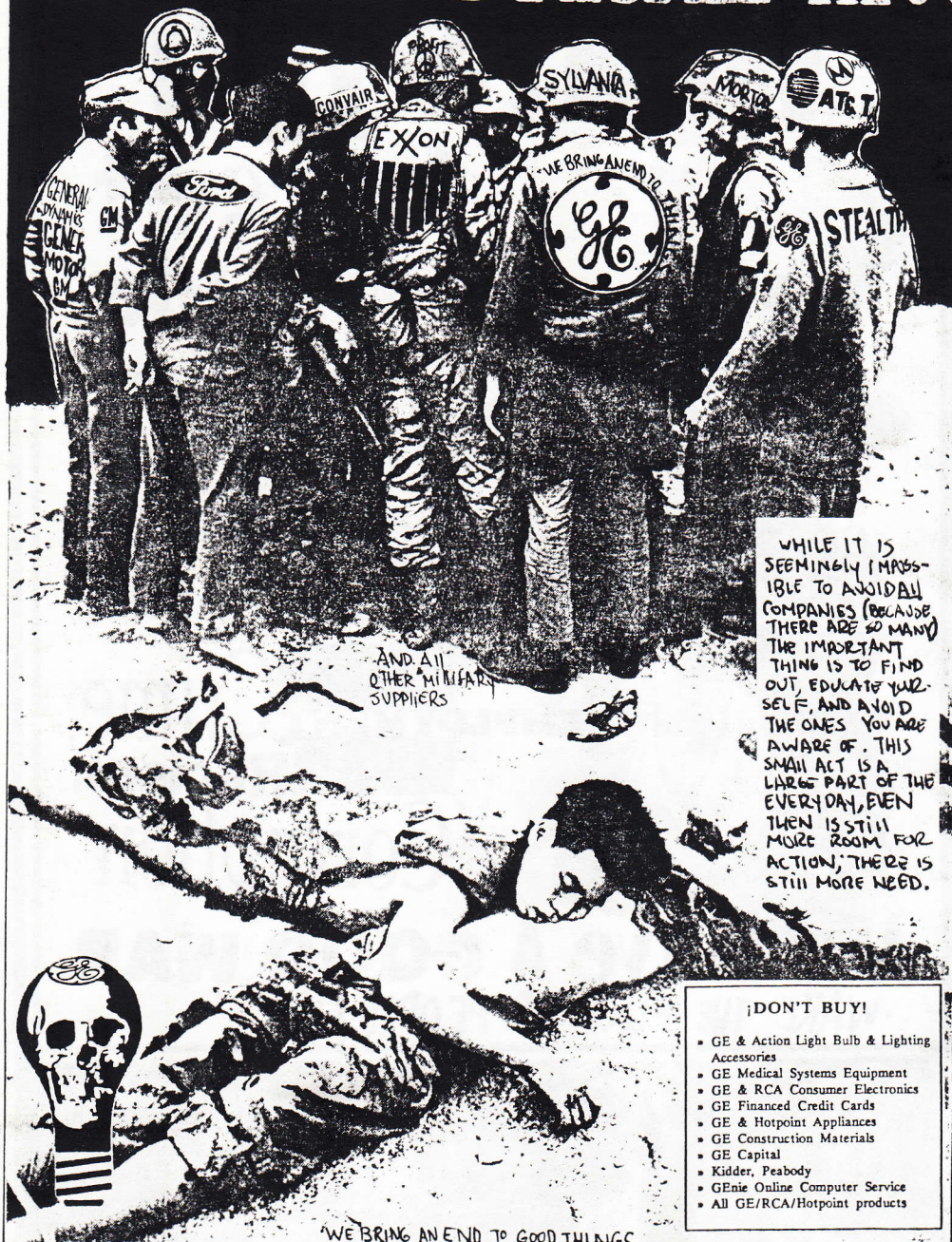
Corruption...

AND Have A GOOD WAR

WAKE THE FUCK UP PEOPLE!!!



WAR IN THE GULF WAS B(r)OUGHT TO (by) YOU IN PART BY THE PEOPLE AT.



WHILE IT IS SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID ALL COMPANIES (BECAUSE THERE ARE SO MANY) THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO FIND OUT, EDUCATE YOURSELF, AND AVOID THE ONES YOU ARE AWARE OF. THIS SMALL ACT IS A LARGE PART OF THE EVERYDAY, EVEN THEN IS STILL MORE ROOM FOR ACTION; THERE IS STILL MORE NEED.

!DON'T BUY!

- GE & Action Light Bulb & Lighting Accessories
- GE Medical Systems Equipment
- GE & RCA Consumer Electronics
- GE Financed Credit Cards
- GE & Hotpoint Appliances
- GE Construction Materials
- GE Capital
- Kidder, Peabody
- GEie Online Computer Service
- All GE/RCA/Hotpoint products

WE BRING AN END TO GOOD THINGS

BOYCOTTING SHIT



GE Power in the Persian Gulf



GE Aircraft Engines

BRINGING THE FACTS TO LIGHT: GE/NBC

Most of the corporate-owned media have close relationships to the military and industry: The chair of Capital Cities/ABC, for example, is on the board of Texaco, and CBS's board includes directors from Honeywell and the Rand Corporation. But no news outlet is as potentially compromised as NBC, wholly owned by General Electric.

The Boston-based corporate watchdog group, INFACT, reports that in 1989 alone GE received nearly \$2 billion in U.S. military contracts for systems employed in the Gulf War effort. Conflicts-of-interest at NBC were an ongoing problem, as when the network aired a laudatory segment on the Patriot missile (1/18/91), for which GE produces parts. Brokaw called the Patriot "the missile that put the Iraqi scud in its place."

NBC's potential conflicts go beyond weaponry. The government of Kuwait is believed to be a major GE stockholder, having owned 2.1 percent of GE stock in 1982, the last year for which figures are available (OPEC's Investment and the International Financial System, by Richard Mattione).

Having profited from weapons systems used in the Gulf, and anticipating lucrative deals for restocking U.S. arsenals, GE is also poised to profit from the rebuilding of Kuwait. GE told the *Wall Street Journal* (3/21/91) it expects to win contracts worth "hundreds of millions of dollars."

THE WAR INDUSTRY MANUFACTURERS REACH INTO ALMOST EVERY HOUSEHOLD OR BUSINESS ITEM'S, APPLIANCES, PRODUCTS, NAME-BRANDS, ETC... NOT ONLY THE WEAPON CORPORATIONS BUT NEARLY EVERY EXISTING OPPRESSIVE BUSINESSSES. DESTRUCTION IS A HOUSEHOLD NAME "MAKERS OF FINE GOODS".

THEY RELY ON OUR CONSUMPTION AS THEIR MEANS TO SURVIVE. OUR MONEY IS THEIR FUEL AND DRIVE, WHEN WE BUY, WE SUPPORT WE CONTRIBUTE. OUR CONSUMPTIVE ACT SIGNALS OUR ACCEPT-

ANCE AND CONDONING OF THEIR ACTIONS. IN SHORT, WE DIRECTLY SUPPORT WHAT WE OPPOSE. THESE COMPANIES DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE OUT SHOOTING AGAINST THE WAR OR WHATEVER ISSUE THEY'RE INVOLVED IN. AS LONG AS OUR MONEY IS GOING INTO THEIR HANDS, WE STAND ON THEIR SIDE.

THAT IS WHERE BOYCOTTING COMES IN. WHEN WE DENY THEM OUR CONSUMPTION, WE DENY THEM OUR SUPPORT OF THEIR EXISTANCE AND PRACTICE. OUR PERSONAL SMALL CHOICE HAS ITS IMPACT. NO, MY NOT BUYING G.E. PRODUCTS DOES NOT SIGNAL THEIR COLLAPSE, BUT IT DOES MEAN I WON'T SUPPORT IT EITHER, IN THAT SMALL SENSE I DENY THEM THEIR OBJECTIVE, MY MONEY. IN MY VIEW, IT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY TO ACT UPON HIS KNOWLEDGE. THE IMPACT RANGES INTO THE FAR BETWEEN OF NON-HUMAN TO HUMAN LIFE. WE KNOW THAT EVERYTHING WE DO HAS EFFECT, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER LARGE PART OF IT, OUR PART OF IT.

WE ARE A DOMINANTLY MATERIALISTIC (AMONG OTHER THINGS) SOCIETY, THEREFORE WE ARE LARGELY BASED ON ECONOMICS, AND CONSUMPTION PLAY ANOTHER LARGE PART OF IT. PROFIT IS ITS DRIVE. EVERYWHERE WE LOOK SOMETHING IS BEING SOLD TO US, BOUGHT BY US... SO WE HIT THEM THE EASIEST WAY WHERE IT COUNTS, AT THEIR BASE AND BLOOD... THEIR POCKETS. THIS MIGHT BE "INCONVENIENT" BUT IT IMPORTANT TO NOTE THAT ALTERNATIVES EXIST FOR JUST ABOUT ANYTHING... INCLUDING PRODUCTS. MAYBE THE CONVENIENCE OF CONVENIENCE IS GONE, BUT THE SACRIFICE IS WORTH IT, SEARCH OUT ALTERNATIVES OR MAKE YOUR OWN.

THERE ARE MANY COMPANIES THAT ARE INVOLVED AND NEEDED TO BE BOYCOTTED THIS THIS IS BY FAR NOW WHERE NEAR A FULL LIST OF COMPANIES INVOLVED IN THE WAR EFFORT THESE ARE MAYBE THE MORE OBVIOUS ONES THAT ARE ALSO INVOLVED WITH COMMON "GOODS".

— GANDHI:

"WHAT YOU DO MAY SEEM INSIGNIFICANT, BUT IT IS MOST IMPORTANT THAT

8000
IT"

the War

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were releas
wyer, Edward
comment, saying
studying the indict
At the company's
Hill Road, where the

the edge
state officials,
cubic yards of

frustrated by
s environmen-
a novel theory
s top officers.
ened today
on theft

N E

Father Fatally Shoots Son

Special to The New York Times

WEST EXETER, N.Y., Nov. 25 — A father accidentally shot and killed his son while deer hunting near here this weekend. Minutes later, he used his rifle to kill himself.

Mr. Chandler said t
Oneida County comm
had hunted together
years. The trip this
three friends, was an

The party had spl
flush from cover sorr
seen earlier. The Bul
apart in the brush o
farm field here in
when the father fired
gauge shotgun, striki
Mr. Chandler s
her peopl
fool



t's

deer season again,
time for some father-
son sporting adventures
into the great outdoors, into
places like my parents suburban
neighborhood in New Jersey. The aluminum
siding of every house on the street is peppered
with buckshot. Great white hunters from the far
reaches of New York City and Philadelphia embark on their
little one day safaris to the pheasant stocked tree stands
of the outlying prefab developments. They shot my friend
Anthony's pet cougar (I mean cat). They took pot shots
at my friend Helen while she was sitting atop a rogue
elephant (I mean horse). They flush deer out onto front
lawns and highways, where they're flattened by cars. Then
these brave warriors cite the presence of deer in developed
areas as evidence of overpopulation. And of course the
solution for this problem is mass murder. I'm sure the
same idiots would advocate dropping the
bomb on India, China and Ethiopia if they
thought anyone would listen. Never mind the
fact that all the natural predators have long
since been wiped out by the same people's
great grandfathers. Forget the natural



prayer.

While Deer Hunting, Then Kills Himself

two, from the
unity of Taberg,
for several
weekend, with
annual event.
t up, trying to
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ks were 150 feet
an overgrown
Otsego County
nce with his
g his

him telling him to hurry and get help," said Mr. Chandler.

When the three men returned a few minutes later, they found the father lying next to his son. Gene Bulak had used his dead son's 12-gauge shotgun to kill himself, apparently loading it with shells he was carrying in his pocket.

Both of the Bulaks died instantly, said the Otsego County coroner, Hurley.


State police said there were no

average number of fatalities over the past 10 years was eight.

New York has no law requiring hunters to wear orange clothing. Maine, which just passed a law requiring the clothing this year, has had no fatalities reported this hunting season, a state wildlife official there said.

According to the National Safety Council, 138 people died in firearm-related hunting accidents in 1989, the last year for which statistics

ebb and flow of
natural populations, or that deer regulate
their own ovulation in times of starvation and disease.
Disregard the fact that the headhunters and cannibals
of America seek out and blow away only the healthiest,
strongest specimens, leaving the sickest, oldest, smallest
animals to reproduce, perpetuating an unhealthy herd,
which is blamed on overpopulation. Forget that most
states make a lot of money selling hunting licenses, and
the tourism it attracts. Don't worry about the NRA
lobby in your state, or the National Wildlife Federation,
both of which believe in preserving just enough of the
environment to make for a good
chase. We are not Native
Americans. We do not belong
here. It is not a right to
deny the rights of others by
murdering them.



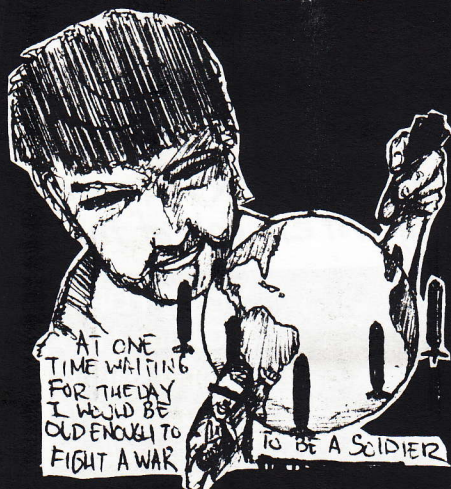
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Non-Editorial

ASSORTED SHIT, RANTS
ETC...



ALL OF THIS SHIT



SELF INSPIRATION (inspiration=me=work=)

Reiterate the "generic" message. Do not get trapped in the armchair self doubt of..."ah, its already been said before so why bother" Bother! Do it! Now it's my turn to express my feelings on the subject, my views "There is more than one Abby Hoffman, Ian MacKaye, or Jello Biafra" even they repeated what has been said before. It is the personal that millions might share but is still individual. State it, repeat the words its got different feeling and meaning. Millions of voices speaking the words all united and seperated and together and whole.

The point is to do, to make, to create as expression. Expression of love; outrage; dissatisfaction; care; anger; as information, communication, inspiration, education. It is the opening up of the soul, a sharing of personal intimacy in any form. Taking the risk of being hurt of failure, succes, you get out what you put in. Let it stand on its own. Give it your judgement, it is yours but also alls in the act of putting it out. It is nothing, it is everything. The personal action is the political action void of lines or seperation they are one in the same. It is your solo movement out in the open, another branch of communication another voice another arm. "What you do may seem insignificant, but it is most important that you do it"-Gandhi. Write draw, organize, speak, sing, play, shout produce, it is all an extension of the person, An act of creation in a time where death is all consuming. Thus that creation is a wonderful and needed ability that we all posses! Wev'e been fed that we are powerless and weak by ourselves. We validate that with our own acceptance of the statement and actualize its intent. Holding ourselves powerless only because we choose to believe it. We deny our ideas, our experiences and ourselves so infact we do become weak and powerless. My life, my experiences, my feelings, my being it is all mine, they are my power, open to all others, supporting each other with every individual action. Taking control of our lives, as much as we can take back from the hands that didn't take but we gave to. Participate in your life because all life is inter-connected.

In my view, my actions will not change the world, but it will symbolize that I lived my life, that I denied the slow killing process, that I lived and died knowing that they never lived. I lived by what I thought was right, in the face of all the bullshit, in the attempted "attraction and desire" of joining the safety of the flow that steadily goes down. to be inspired, to act upon, to fuel from the inspiration, to work, and maybe inspire, help, support another or others to do the same, self perpetuation "and so on and so on.." This is the task the dream, the action, the process..

Bedtime once again and they've passified a classified threat the cycle brings it back again but its a safe made trend this time around its come back again it poses no threat but numbingly cute consumption - no longer a movement but a sale at the mall, at the record store, it comes back again as an image tag on the t.v. No longer a statement but a catch phrase cliché - they dissected it dismembered it by defusing the core and reinstating it by profit and mass-distribution waiting for the backfire when its old and true intent reveals itself on who holds its leash - bite the hands the booming sound is back again as a subtle whisper emptied and hulled the empty shell on display one too many times some remember the true content and take it in and convert the plastic and the hot air to burn clean sabotage its re-animator use the older tick in the book turn the movement against itself and we do the same bedtime once again and we've learned insomnia motherfucker we pour gasoline to light these beds

SLUT★

Yea, so if she sleeps around she's a slut. She likes sex she's sleazy or dirty and "dude, that aint feminine!" If I sleep around I'm a stud, if I like sex it's cool cause I'm a guy. Should we go with the social flow of lying to each other and fucking each other over to get sex, "oh baby I love you" While the mental thought remains "lets fuck this bitch" Fuck the social role and ethic rules, the bar concert hunt, I don't want to lie, if two people(or more) want to have sex for sex's sake what's wrong? It's healthy and natural (like cereal?) ... "lets have sex". Open, honest intentions in the open. NO deceit, no pretending no ownership, two individuals working towards the same goals, climax, or compassion, or affection, one or all, what could be better? Omar-slut.

Earth is change, life is change, would it not be obvious then that change must be continual? Yes, I change, I have and am and hope to do so always. It is learning, it is growth, I take pride in that fact. I was once a semisexist minded, ignorant, semiracist idiot kid who although claimed to be different, condemned anything "wierd". I clutched to my beliefs, my beliefs given to me, accepted by me, unquestioned, yet they ran my life. Those days existed far away and long ago, I do not regret those days or my actions. Why? Because I did them consciously, I cannot change them they serve a purpose, maybe I had to go through that time to get to where I am today, maybe I had to go through those beliefs to understand where and why I'm where I'm at today. It is because of that part in my life that I had to question those things, it was because of the answers that I had to change and find what I really believed.. "If I never thought about it, I would not be here

today.."-EMBRACE. Take care and question life on a constant level. Condemn another life, is it for you to say?

I do not deny that there is oppression nor that there are oppressors and people, groups (large and small) who want to keep people down as a way to live their lives. I know that this is true, but I know that even with the "walls and fences, and oppression" around there is one ultimate thing that we tend to overlook. We some times allow ourselves to be oppressed, we oppress ourselves, and until we let ourselves free we will never know freedom, walls and fences, and cops, and etc don't mean a thing when you hold yourself captive. When will you set yourself free?

There are certain songs, writings, that sometimes can reach deep within us and call upon large emotions. We all share this, the songs that can make us awaken rooms, make us angry, make us scream, make us sad. Some songs do it all for me in certain moods or thoughts, from punching walls to whimpering in bed, it happens. It is proven that music (any music) holds such power to the individual like a key to emotions. How can we say "it's just music"? I'm not talking just about Punk, I mean all music, it almost seems that's why humans have always made music from the most primitive to the present, there tends to be more than sounds and words, it is up to the individual, when we are looking we will find the emotions and sometimes even when not looking. How many have been moved to create, to open themselves, their emotions, to think, to go beyond thought, all because of musical inspiration? or by certain words. I know I have been moved many times to do or think, or many things simply by a song, verse, instrumental, not exactly the words everytime but the emotions felt, (some can argue that I give them emotions that aren't there) but regardless if I gave it they are there now and powerful enough to influence. Sometimes I would love to just go to the extent of compiling a whole zine of just copied lyrics and verses that have moved me in any way, but at the same time I must realize that the same things that I see a lot in might not mean the same thing to you, might not mean a thing to you, because of circumstances, experience or views, emotions or taste. It would be an empty meaningless bunch of photocopied papers. It doesn't matter, it's all a personal thing that might mean the world to me, and not be worth a thing to you, and that ability in itself is beautiful and powerful enough to understand and respect. It is unimportant as a public thing, but this is my way of expressing this privacy. now you a little more about me, and the hard and cynical and critical will call me sappy and stupid, do you honestly think I care? "...Who did I do this for, me or you?.." - MJSF175

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- .10:07-"Spackle and Grout"
- .WATER STREET-"Pumphouse"
- .STIKKY-"Cuddle"
- .NECRACEDIA-"Fight For Change"
- .SUB-TERRANIAN KIDS-"Live in AU"
- .PRANK-PRANK"
- .IDENTITY-"ID"
- .AMENITY
- .ECONO-CHRIST-"Another Victim"
- .BORN AGAINST-"Indust. Relations Dept."
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- .BORN AGAINST/SUCKERPUNCH flexi--\$0.50/\$1.00
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- . "ISOLD MY TROMBONE FOR ROCK&ROLL" flexi. (comp)-HUMIDIFIER, THOMPSONS DISEASE, FACE OF DECLINE-----\$1.00/\$1.50

BANDS, ZINES, AND LABELS

If you are interested in distribution, please send us a sample of your items and **whole-sale** prices. If we decide to distribute your stuff we will pay for the sample and work on from there. Because we are doing this in a non-profit way we are not able to pay upfront but have to sell things on consignment for now. We do not work with or supply record stores. What we are trying to avoid are record store "alternatively"mainstream mark ups and and profit where we find are un-necessary (business). We understand record stores have to make profit in order to stay in business, but we are not a record store and we are not in business. All items are sold at whole-sale with the only mark up being to pay for postage we paid to have them sent. This is also to get the music and ideals back to a simple, non business, direct low cost level. Most of these items will hopefully be sold at shows, mail order is not something we desire but are willing to do. All U.S. mailing prices are included but we have not figured out mailing costs for the rest of the world yet(Not like we'll have to or anything)

P.S. Music and expression should not be left in the hands of corporations or businesses.

DUE TO THE RESPONSE SINCE "BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN LIFE" WE HAVE ADDED A LOT MORE STUFF TO OUR LIST, AN UPDATED LIST IS AVAILABLE, PLEASE SEND A 24¢ STAMP... OH YEA, WE'RE STILL TAKING STUFF SO WRITE! AND... OH... YEA! FUCK... UM... SOMEBODY! HIAMIT YOU? ME? REM...

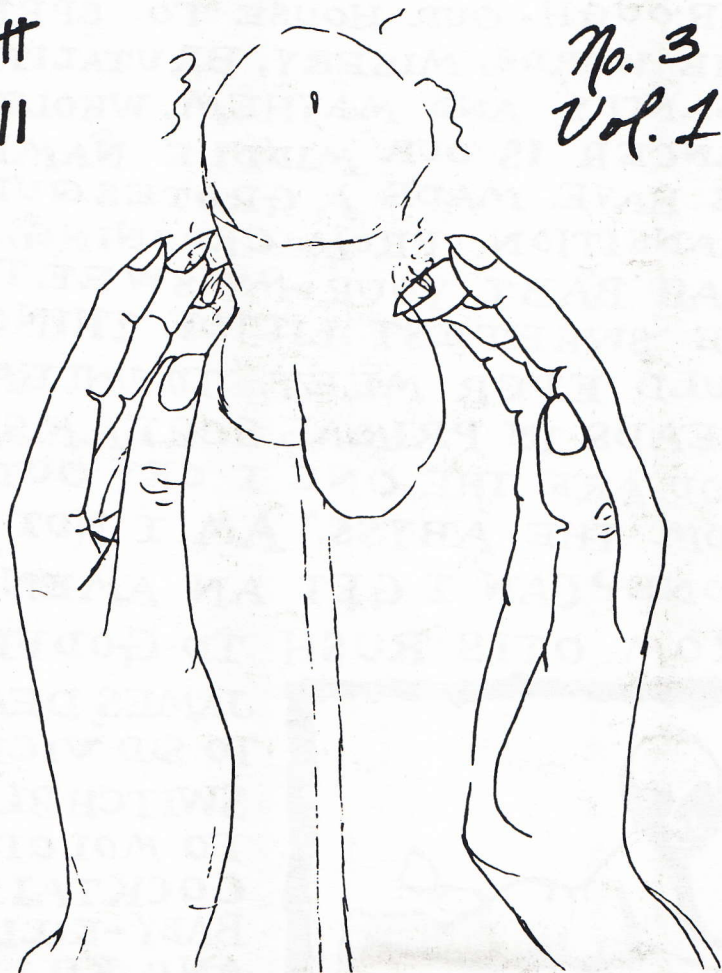
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JOURNAL

|||

No. 3
Vol. 1



THIS EDITION LACKS A SENSE OF BALANCE, AESTHETICS.

ILL. FROM BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL BY K. ACKER.

YOU ARE THE BLACK ANNOUNCERS OF MY DEATH.

ALL

ONE

HANNIBAL LECTER, MY HERO.

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT OUR GENERATION
AS A WHOLE HAS FALLEN INTO MASS
DESPAIR? AN ILL WIND BLOWS
THROUGH OUR HOUSE TO SPREAD
THE WORDS, MISERY, BRUTALITY,
INSANITY, AND MAYHEM, WHOLESALE;
CANCER IS OUR MIDDLE NAME.
WE HAVE MADE A GROTESQUE
TRANSITION FROM CROONING, "OH
YEAH BABY YOUR MY SWEET YOUR
THE SWEETEST LITTLE THING I
COULD EVER MEET," TO UNLEASH
PLEADS IN PRIMAL SCREAMS,
"YOU ARE THE ONE I CRY OUT TO
FROM THE ABYSS." AM I NOT
ALONE? CAN I GET AN AMEN?
FROM OTIS RUSH TO GODFLESH.



JAMES DEAN
TO SID VICIOUS.
SWITCHBLADE
TO MOLOTOV
COCKTAIL.
BABY-KILLERS
AND KILLER
BABIES. AD
INFINITUM...

BABY

NOW

YOU DIE,
LITTLE
FUCKER...

BUT
I'M
HERE
TO LIVE



LOVE AT
THE ROOTS OF
REBELLION.

DIE
DIE DIE
DIE DIE!
I'M HERE
TO
LIVE.


THE CLOUDS IN THE SKY FORM
A BACKWARDS 666 IN THE
NIGHT. YOU KNOW IT'S A MESS-
AGE TO THE MAN UPSTAIRS...
FROM OUR MAN DOWNSTAIRS.
OUR MAN HAS EVIDENTLY GAINED
CONTROL OF EVERYTHING AT CLOUD-
LEVEL AND BELOW. HE'S RISING
UP, GOING ALL THE WAY. YOU
KNOW HE'S GOT THE SURFACE,
JUST LOOK AROUND... THE FAITH-
FUL CALL AN EMERGENCY MEE-
TING. A GAVEL IS BANGED FOR
ORDER. THE CHAIRMAN RISES
AND INTONES SOLEMNLY,

"THE SITUATION IS CRITICAL."
ALL FROWN.



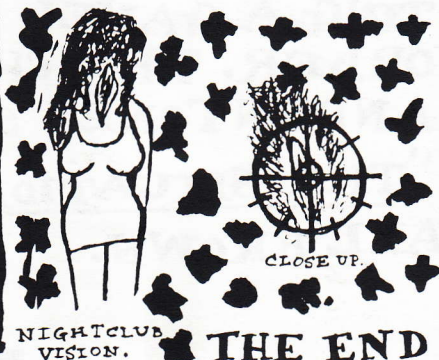
"SAMSURI WAS THE MOST FAMOUS LENGGAONG (BANDIT) IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF PEMALANG REGENCY IN 1945 (JAVA). HE WAS THE SON OF A SOOTHSAYER, AND HAD STUDIED IN AN ISLAMIC SCHOOL. HE, AS WELL AS OTHERS IN HIS BAND, HAD MAGICAL POWER CONFERRED TO THEM BY JIMAT (MAGICAL OBJECTS). SAMSURI'S JIMAT WERE BLUNT NEEDLES, WHICH HAD BEEN INSERTED BENEATH THE SKIN. THEY CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT HIS BODY, MAKING HIM INVULNERABLE. THIS PERMITTED SAMSURI TO WITHSTAND TORTURE INFLECTED BY THE JAPANESE MILITARY POLICE DURING HIS INCARCERATION IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON ON AN ISLAND OFF THE SOUTHWEST COAST OF CENTRAL JAVA."

—FROM MODERN INDONESIA
BY SARTONO KARTODIRDJO

I would like to borrow, trade for, or buy the following: PXL 2000 camera by Fischer-Price; Books: Don McCullin (photographer), Peter Beard (*End of the Game* or others), Tom Waits biography, any Philip K. Dick, *Live Sex Acts* book on NYC, any books on Tibetan Thangka/Tonka/etc. painting, ADAP Brazil Travel Book; Music: "Moroccan Trance Music/ Paul Bowles" CD on Le Coeur du Monde, music, books, articles, photos, etc. on Tom Waits, Otis Redding, Janis Joplin, and Diamanda Galas; Smiths/Morrissey memorabilia, video dubs (even Mtv), articles, etc. Theft and murder from stores to procure these items for me are appreciated, even encouraged. Photocopy and postage costs will be paid for. I have much to trade. Send anything (or an offer/description) 

that may be of interest. Thank you. Good luck.

DAVID FONT
200 SE 15 RD. #16-D
MIAMI, FL 33129



SABOTAGE

IN THE AMERICAN WORKPLACE

ANECDOTES OF DISSATISFACTION, MISCHIEF AND REVENGE



EDITED BY MARTIN SPROUSE

Edited by Martin Sprouse

Illustrated by Tracy Cox

8 1/2 x 11 • 184 pages

SABOTAGE IN THE AMERICAN WORKPLACE

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a new book from Pressure Drop Press

Authentic first hand accounts gathered from all over the United States dispel the myth of the model worker, and show that the majority of employees see the stealing of time, company property and profits as a remedy to the daily frustrations and conflicts encountered while earning a living.

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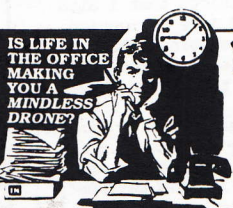
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Anyone who has ever dreaded

another day at work should read it.

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TABLOIDS...

AND MORE TECHNICAL STUFF



ADAM NATHANSON OF BORN AGAINST REVEALED!

In a secretly taped phone conversation with I.V. LEAGUES own Omar, discussing Oi records they began discussing SKREWDRIVER. Omar:

"...yea, I've got "after the fire" and "Hail the new Dawn". Adam: "ah, After the fire sucks!..." Omar: "yea but Hail the new dawn is good" (the trap is set) Adam:...(slight pause)... "yea but we're not supposed to say that..." Omar sarcastically making Adam feel safe sets up the trap and Adam is exposed!!

In retaliation, Adam tries putting I.V. League's own Omar in the next DEAR JESUS dumba hut, don't try it buddie!!!

* FOR CHARLIE (NAME DROPPING, RAIND, MIKE.)



BACK ISSUE(s)

I.V. LEAGUE #1 is still available for \$1.25ppd. I had to raise the price because of loosing a lot of money per zine, sorry(I still loose .50¢ which does get very costly quickly. Better than loosing the .75¢ I was loosing before) I.V. LEAGUE #1: Ian Mackaye, INDECISION, Rollins satire (thanks to himself), graphics, censorship, and out-dated show reviews. First issue!!! Bonafide collectors item! late 1990, rare, copied on KINKOS paper!!! HOT!!!

This (for all who are so interested, actually so I can tell you what I'm into in this exact moment, so you can decide if I'm..aw fuck it!

TOP 15 SHIT/PRODUCT LISTINGS..

- ECONOCHRIST - "Trained to serve"/live
- HOOVER-live and shit
- THE HATED-(from MD) ALL!!
- BIKINI KILL, BRATMOBILE, HEAVENS TO BETSY BIMBO SHRINEHEADS, AUTOCLAVE tape
- STAR WARS-anything!
- KLAUS FLOURIDE
- CRUCIFIX-"1984" (thanzx snuggles)
- comic books (X-titles, etc)
- Dick Lucas stuff
- CRASS-all
- D.C. stuff- a lot!
- CONFLICT
- NEUROSIS-all
- MARVIN GAYE - "Whats Goin' on" 7"
- MEREL-live.

16, 17, 18.
• QUANTUM JUMP
• STAR TREK (NEAT)
• BC RN AGAINST

★ ADDITIONAL SAVES DEPARTMENT ★

Now here are some things that I also really enjoy and would like to mention mostly because they are things that will probably never be reviewed in the bigger zines due to the fact that well, they dont want to be ..

• NOITA BABE is a cool zine done by Jasmine it's mostly aimed at wimyn but I (not being a womyn myself) found a lot of awesome stuff in it that I would say apply to anyone from the large amount of writings and all the information this offers. Really cool. \$1.00 (stamps?) to: Jasmine/1800 Floyd Ave/Richmond VA 23220

• DIXIE PHOENIX is an odd zine that I'll try to explain. It's an interesting mix of southern pride with, well...life. Everything (just about) inside deals with just the sharing of personal experience and views through stories and writings. This is another one of those zines that catches me mostly for the personal connection of reader/writer. An original mixture of writings, rants, poetry, and just cool things ok?! \$1.00 (stamps?) to Mike Munson/3888 N. 30th ST Arlington VA 22207 C.S.A.

• LIBERTEEN HOSTESS 7" hmmm...what can I say, but maybe that these songs should've been on Penis Envy the record. A sort of reminder of Eve Libertine-esque vocals and feeling. Seeing as Nina is between addresses at the present, send \$3.00 to this address as it is the same as the distribution. (we are carrying the 7")

* FOR JOE... LOOK! -> <- :>

N O T E S

At first I didn't know if I should include so much of my personal writings (seeing as most of them were taken from my journal) But then it hit me.. "this is my zine, I could do anything I want". Also I realized I sorta held back from including a lot of personal things because I thought they might be "too personal" but when I thought about it, some of my more favored zines are due to their personal content. It goes two ways, one, you read it and shrug your shoulders or two, you read it, connect, and read on. (or three, read it, get insulted, ridicule it, and I know your'e a "sap"). The sharing of personal beyond the surface politics.

QUESTIONABLE COMPOSITIONS

Now some ideas... I have this habit, while I drive or sit at home, or listen to something, or watch something, read something. something clicks my brain to start spewing out ideas and thoughts that compell me to write them down. In my car I have tons of scrap papers and pens and an empty cup that I put all my notes into "transcribe into my journal later" as it always happens, I never end up transcribing anything so I end up with piles and piles of loose notes on napkins, receipts, envelopes, etc in stacks all through out my room. Some are bits of ideas some are lyric ideas, some I even can't understand why I wrote. So here is da plan. Sometime in the future, I might just end up transcribing all these loose notes onto paper, shit, I might even make a whole zine out of them(gee, I bet You are all giddy now) t.v. watching notes, shit...

COMICS

More ideas, alright, I'll admit it. I'm a proud comic book collecting nerd. I've been collecting comics since the seventh grade and continue to do so. For a while (a long while when I was younger) my goal was to work for a comic company doing art. Now recently there's been a surge of independant titles out by really big and okay artists like Lee and Liefeld etc. I started buying them and got sick quickly, the anti-social outlaw character groups have become super hero patriotic government groups (Youngsaps) what the fuck! boring sperman even sexist crap Oh yea, and the Youngsaps kill the evil foreign dictator, Hassan Kussein... fuck. Recently I've been playing with the old idea of doing a small comic, it'd be aimed more at the comic dorks like myself (yo punk rock comics) and would probably be like the zine, photocopied or printed, sold at cost, etc. I think it might be interesting, or fun. If anyone is interested... write, I could use some suggestions. I would like to do an underground comic but keep the not so-super hero type of story line to sort of rival the mainstream comic stupidity. We will see...

Cool comics to read: THIRD WORLD WAR (not WW3 illustrated, about multi-national corporations in the third world) STAR WARS-The Dark Empire (where Return left of, six issue limited series, water colored, cool as fuck) + AKIRA !! GAFOW!

SCAMS: YEA, I KNOW, EVERY ZINE'S GOT ONE SO HERE ARE THE ONES I USE:

- SOAK USED STAMPS IN ALCOHOL TO CLEAR CANCELLATION MARK. GWR AND RE-USE. WORKS FOR ME ABOUT 80% - 90% OF THE TIME.
- GET BUSINESS OR any pamphlets WITH BULK RATE SECTIONS ON THEM, STICK letter, Rock, whatever in + drop in MAIL BOX. MORE FREE MAIL! JUST NEVER INCLUDE A RETURN ADDRESS.

BOREDOM / PRANKS: CALL 1-800

NUMBERS AND ORDER THINGS TO YOUR FRIENDS OR NOT SO FRIENDS ADDRESSES. FILL IN SUBSCRIPTION FORMS THE SAME.

- FILL IN APPLICATION FORMS FOR GYM'S AND STUFF IN YOUR FRIENDS NAMES + ADDRESSES.

COKE - DILUTE LOTS OF SALT INTO WARM WATER, PUT IN EASY TO SQUIRT CONTAINER, APPROACH EVIL CORPORATE' SOFT DRINK DISPENSER, SPRAY STEADY SIDE TO SIDE STREAM INTO DOLLAR INTAKE. LISTEN TO SOUNDS, HIT CHANGE RETURN AND LIBRARY THE CANS. EMPTY MACHINE OF \$ + COKE'S...

NEXT FEW ISSUES..

- THE 3/4 OF A YEAR, 4 1/2 FINGER REC. I.V. LEAGUE ZINE TOUR
- BERN AGAINST EURO TOUR DIARY

- SUMMER '92 I.V. LEAGUE TOUR

- HURRICANE ANDREW ~~DISASTER~~

- SOUTH FLORIDA ANARCHIST YOUTH FEDERATION

- COLUMBUS DAY

- RIOT GRRRL

- PUNK PICNICS

- KENDALL 33186

VEGAN STARVATION, RECORD MADNESS, METHANE, MOUNTAINS, WOODS, COID, SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT, BUSES, MORE MOUNTAINS, HIKING, MORE STARVATION, SHOWS, GCSID WOMEN, MEN, PICTURES OF PUNK ROCK STARS, YOUNG FIDEL CHRONICLES, PROTESTS, NATURAL DISASTER, ANGRY WIMYIN

ANGRY PUNKS, PUNK SIT COMS. AAKK FOW BIVVAPHH AHWC AFOO. ~~IN~~ END



I.V. LEAGUE ZINE
C/o OMAR
11525 SW 124 CT
MIAMI FL 33186

Filipinos protestan contra bases



GRÜMBIE

FROS



The poorly typed icky bits were constructed by REV. JOHN XERXES THE GOD, who also likes to bulid things. Notice the promotion, folks. Heed the warning. Come on Timmy, squeeze my breast see if you can get them to lactate. Bin too long in the trash man, waitin. Too rah, too rah, too rah aay, come on I lean. The rockets, I dont approve.



YUCK. photo right : Rev. Xerxes with young Barry Williams.

TERRORISM

The Looking Back Gentlemen stared in numb disapproval. The little Orphaned Boy wept tears of sexual frustration. I sat self-absorbed. Yup, yet another LOVE BUNNI PRESS jam.



SURVIVAL



BLESSED BE : david + omar, divine suffering, mortality, decomposition, covert military operations, internal bleeding, Kent McClard, blood clots, seizures, tumors, lacerations, aborted fetal tissue, manic depression, cannibalism, peter greenaway, smut, filth, grime, spasms, addiction, obsession, fluid drainage, and the users.

FRIENDS, IT WILL NEXT BE YOU.
humbly straight to hell.
ceaseless toil.

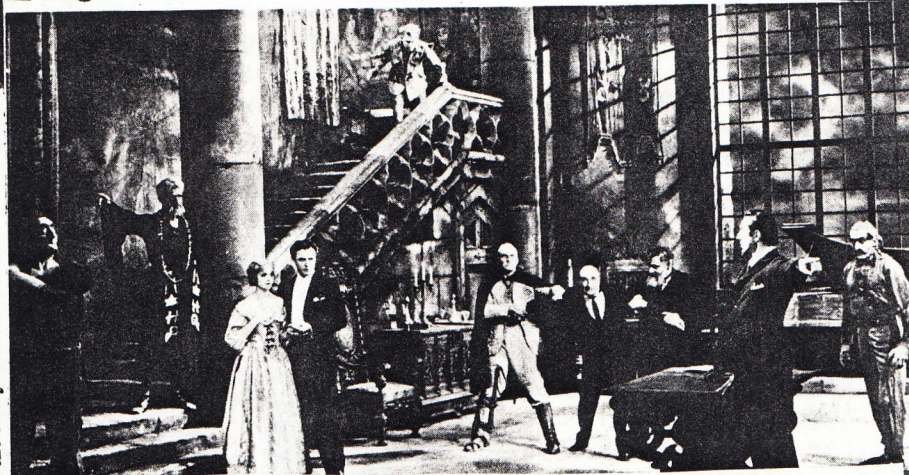


A FEAST OF THE FANCY invite only.

2622 princeton rd
cleve hts oh 44118

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

"Individual thought is blatantly replaced by a drool-smeared pandering monkey trained through excessive violence and extreme experimental drug use to react exactly. Nothing is more original than a total rehashment of the accepted norm, hand it to them on a slightly tarnished platter and they will pat your back and appoint you genius," slurred the aging prophet as he continued to adjust, vulgarly, his gentils. "Shit kid, all they want is their expression reproduced slightly distorted so that they know that you know. Have you ever looked into their eyes? The beady fuckers. Supposedly crying out for justice and revolution, yet blind to their own encroachments upon liberty, free will, and the pursuit of the holy ghost. They'll rape you twice mocking the fact that they've redefined your mortality. Degradation in the name of shit. Stick to your guns, smoke em if ya got em, and occasionally take it like a man. Oh yeah, never I mean never, let them know that you give a flying fuck about swimming in their piss-filled pond because then they got your guppie ass right where they think they do," he rocked back and forth expelling a yellowish manifestation of ultimate self-fulfillment. If anyone asks thats why I have created this monster, not that they might...



Grumblefrost #00010 the 3d installment. This is degenerative art created for the culture war. By the gods the feinds shall pay! Oct 1992 ukla the mok.

ises from mud, her superstructure covered with barn
ry 13, 1944, the Navy announced that the *Oklahoma*,

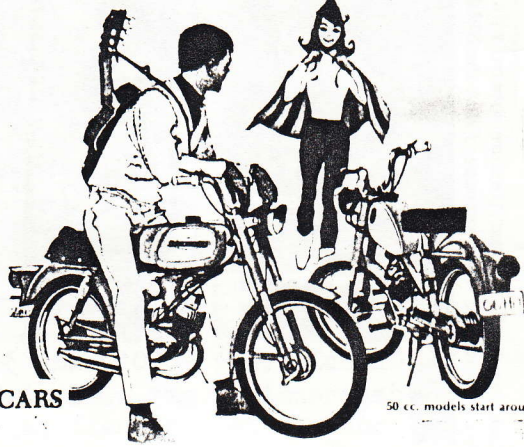
at was originally commissioned in 1919, modernized
in the harbor, capsized after being hit in the Japanese

CRUISING

The rain left a faint sheen to which the neon lights reflected distantly. Deja vu and my knight slipped his squire another mickey. 36 hours later they awake in a seedy pay by the hour hotel, wondering. I reached, stretching my body unnaturally, around into the backseat attempting to secure the weapons and assorted drug paraphernalia. 20 more minutes till the boarder. I adjusted my black knit hat squarely onto my head. The time tunnel flickers slowly altering itself beyond my normal perceptions, another twist and I find myself thinking that nothing really matters. My back hurts, the pain is sharp, cutting, and memorable. There is blood everywhere. What have I done to myself this time and how? The road is empty except for the 3 triangular lights slicing the dread perfectly. the toll station attendant asks us what's in the backseat. Icy lies Shots Ringing Ears More or Less Blood Everywhere. We screech off numb, number than we could ever hope to achieve drunk.

Time tunnel flickers. I remember how I got here, the knife to my pink flesh The pain, all I want. I want him to shut the fuck up, but he refuses to hear me. He keeps mumbling on about some broad at the diner a few miles back, and biting his nails. Occasionally spitting a bloody, saliva covered cuticle into space. The airborne excrement lost from sight quickly, my attention turns to the radio or lack thereof. Still no word. They all look alike, inches upon miles away. He keeps rambling on about this buxom babe or how she moved, nevermind. He repeats himself. The time tunnel lights at the end, the drug begins to wear down, and I awake up back on the street.

Astro zombies replaced by the shit smeared barely living crack addicts. The LAPD laugh as they return the homeless skinny boy to to the maker of his



HIGH-HANDED DOINGS ON THE CARS

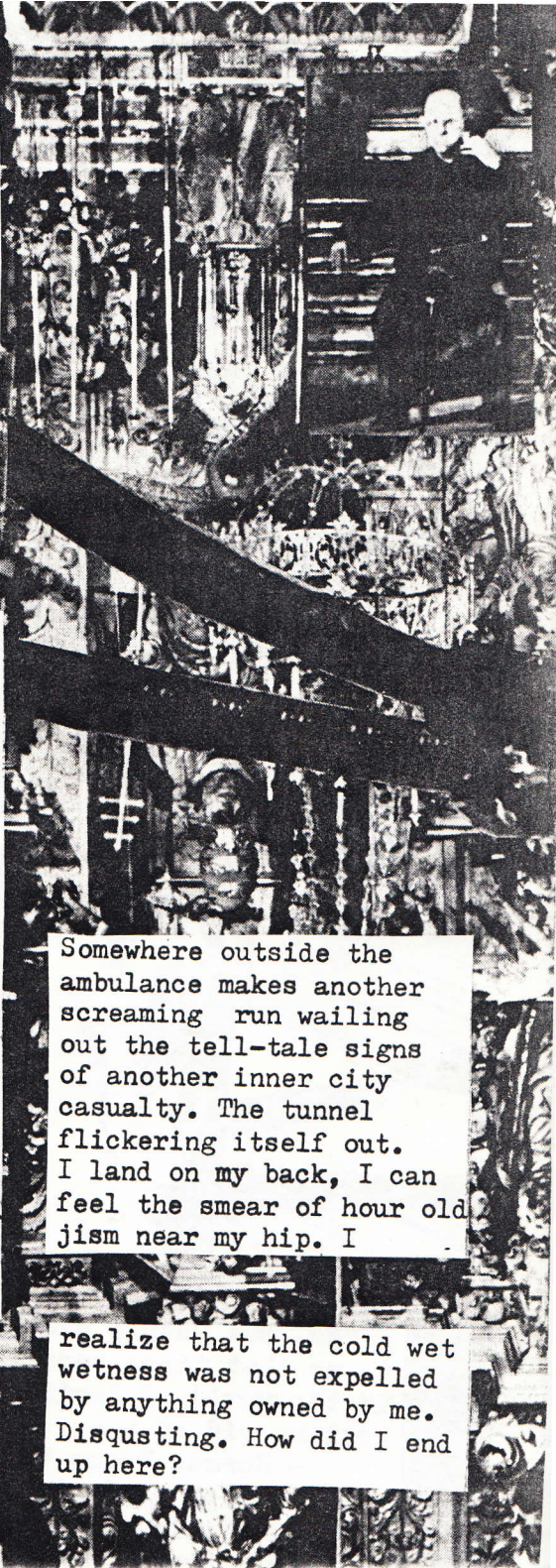
50 cc. models start arou

demise. I am back standing on the corner I haunt, waiting for the turn of the trick. My fingers burned from holding the pipe too tightly. Candi stumbles past, wish she would leave me alone. My young sex drive is smashed by the cocaine garbage and nightly exploitation. She just checked herself out of rehab, a little weight put on, filling out her taught languid features framed by a stringy copper-like mesh of

tangled hair. Completely frustrated and frightened, the Suburban Queen pulls into the well lit trash strewn 7-11 parking lot. She cautiously locks the kids in the maroon station wagon, while she ventures into the seedy establishment to inquire about directions home. The night clerk, missing all but 2 grappling large fingers on his right hand and sporting his band new set of upper teeth, shakes his unwashed unkempt brown haired head. Urban twang resounding uninformed guesses of directions to the politely nodding nauseous Suburban Queen.

Somewhere outside the ambulance makes another screaming run wailing out the tell-tale signs of another inner city casualty. The tunnel flickering itself out. I land on my back, I can feel the smear of hour old jism near my hip. I

realize that the cold wet wetness was not expelled by anything owned by me. Disgusting. How did I end up here?



ALL DEATH TO THE FASCIITS

2:30 a.m. I got a phone call. Forty minutes later I am sitting in the closest man made monument to hell on the face of this good earth, an Amy Joy Doughnut Shop. Slumped across from me, nervously twitching a cigarette to and from his chapped lips, is my good friend and spiritual mentor Maxwell Saint Kegglog. Dressed in the fineries of of a boxcar tramp, smelling of soot and glue, Max is a snap shot of street nobility. The kind of gentleman that smiles a toothless grin be before kicking your gut, once scolding a prostitute for jay-walking, against the light nonetheless. A lit fuse who randomly explodes into a ranting rage of inconsistencies and contradictions, his mind is forever twisting itself into knots, planning and scheming. Occasionally it overflows, I usually get the call. So here I am again, wiping processed white cream from my upper lip, groaning in acknowledging agreement, I am half asleep.

"Jesus. God manifests

Scene of Pillage. The poem re-
clock their thefts at hostelrys

His only son and we still fail to grasp the significance of our own sexuality. No wait, listen. Sex as I have seen it done is stupid. Procreation is pointless and love is twisted. I spit on the whole institution. There are way too many people crowded on this little green circle. Not enough land to properly bury all these folks, soon the fire will not be an option but a compulsory necessity. We keep building higher and higher, praying to alleviate the



lack of space and this sense that we are crawling all over one another. But yet, the cage only gets bigger. I, on the other hand, have been blessed or cursed, depending, with the wherewithal to realize, realize the solutions. Here we go. Too many people and yet we have crackpot zealots yelling at the top of their lungs and constructing tiny graveyards in memory of the dearly departed innocent victims of a woman's right

this slug infested fist fight any more human grubs. Babies who are in term will be terminated, no questions asked and no answers offered. Take all the women at night have them back in bed by morning, the men won't know the difference.

Counseling will be offered becuase this might become traumatic for a few thousand middle class women who actually planned on becoming pregnant, the rest will be relieved that they won't have to pick up the bill. Of course, the



next step is to safe guard the population from reproduction. It is painfully apparent that we can not cease their copulation so we must nullify its potential ramifications. Mass sterilization, men and women both, take no chances, tie the tubes and remove the sacs. The last thing we want is sperm reaching egg. The whole population, from the kindergartens to the retirement complexes. Leave no stone untouched.

This would solve most of our sex related contro-versies. We would then know the approximate time in space that the human race would expire, we would would have completely solidified our mortality. The planet would sigh in relief, knowing that within a few decades it would be free of us and could start all over." He sighed a cloud of blue smoke, rubbing his swollen lazy left eye. Tapping his callus fore finger upon the orange glowing table top he began to hum the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The huddled black woman on the other side of the Shop whistled out a soft whispering demand for more coffee, her tracheotomy prominent for the first time. The dirty boy working graveyard shift stumbled out from behind the counter to slop more

gruel into the magazine princess' chipped china. Derek the Queen waltzed through the greasy hand printed glass door. Night spilled in with him, reminding us that the illuminated oasis of artificial non-glare day light was burning a hole in the shroud of comfort. Ideas can be like that sometimes. I got up to leave as the Queen ordered her just deserts.

FINII

WHAT WEE NEED TO DO IS EAT RISH

CHILDREN - All of them...

Ex LU Love Luke Low Sor AGO Seethed Des Mad sui

CHUCK D AND ROCKLINE DREAMS



political controversy yet bask shamelessly in the warm glow of the lowest common denominator? Hey Carl, tell me this, why are you in Hamburg if your

politics are so domestically based? Preaching the reality of the streets over there in Germany, huh? Hey Carl, why don't you admit that you sold yourself out to the man and are working public concern and political consciousness only for that all mighty greenback? Why don't you just admit that you are a pimp turning out valid issues so that you can fatten up your little money belt? You and Harry Allen can safely sit back and sprout off how you are opening the doors for public debate and are creating a forum from which the community will be enriched, while you are off in Germany on a tour set up by a major multimillion dollar corporation whose only concern is the monetary bottom line. You can sprout off about the community needing to turn in upon itself and do for itself, supporting black grassroots

HECK YOU ☹

1.20.92

Chuck D was on ROCKLINE tonight, I tried to call in but you know that Kurt Loder likes the sound of his own voice too much to take more than 12 calls in a bleeding hour of supposed public feedback. Beside the point that most of the loonies they let talk over the scared MTV air were either glowing fans or simple minded dorks trying to plod their way through confrontation, only to be cut off by an anxiously protective and needfully doting Mr Loder. Nevermind the stupidity of the masses, for the calls were screened by well trained tele-marketing assholes. Most people didn't even make it past those telephone commandos. Me, I didn't make it past the iron wall of the busy signal. Tried calling repeatedly for a good 15 minutes before finally giving up. Had I made it through, though, this is what I would have ranted, tell me if you like it... "Hey Chuck, why are you selling us socio-political consciousness? Why are you offering us public concern printed on a 50/50 tee-shirt? Why do you asprouse



**PUBLIC
ENEMY**

**FIGHT
THE LIVE
POWER**

over in Hamburg? youre fucked. How can you promote the individual initiative then print in the gatefold of your newest CD encouraging words to maintain the status quo for aspiring rap acts. You wont say "go out and start your own label to get your own shit off the ground yourself," no youll continue to choose to encourage the little whipper snappers to get keep trying to buy into the game. Gee wiz, I am impressed, really hip, really street, huh Carl? You are an active participant in a movement that I see as totally fucked. you are selling us a revolution. Malcolm X hats and tee-shirts, marketing the man and weakening the message. Selling the ideal to anyone willing to fork out the cash. Let the world know that you are part of the consciosness. Sprout the party line without any knowledge other than the name of the store where you purchased this new consumerized and sanitized ideology. Fuck you and your dime store politics. A true leader does not sell himself out to the first corporate john that drives bye offering. Fuck you with a broom handle, Chucky." Yeah, well, I probably would have been interrupted at about the second sentence. Life could be so sweet and beautiful, though, couldnt it?

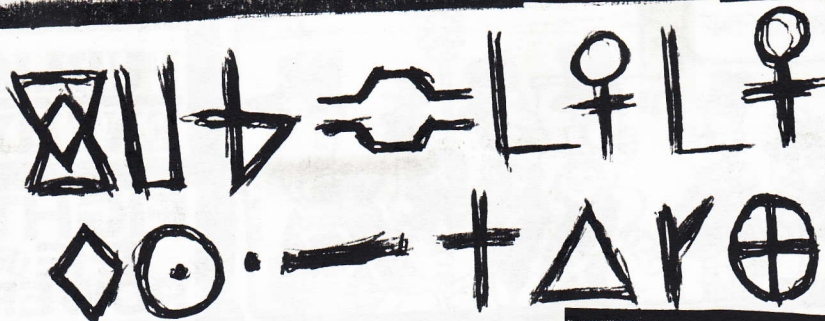
SECOND, GETTING IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS IS LIKE BEING ON A LAY-UP LINE IN BASKETBALL. IT'S LONG, YEAH, BUT DEPENDING ON YOUR PATIENCE AND DEDICATION YOU WILL EVENTUALLY GET A SHOT. IF YOU LEAVE THE LINE AND QUIT YOU WILL GET NO SHOT. BASED ON HOW MUCH YOU'VE STUDIED AND PRACTICED WILL DETERMINE IF YOU MAKE THE SHOT. IF YOU CONTINUE TO MAKE THE SHOTS EVENTUALLY YOU GET TO PLAY IN THE GAME (THE MUSIC BUSINESS). THERE ARE MANY BOOKS AND MAGAZINES ABOUT THE MUSIC BUSINESS: FIND THEM, READ THEM FRONT TO BACK, LEARN THEM AND APPLY.

IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO HOLD US BACK (1988) (44303)

"A Black Nationalist attitude is protection against a system that keeps us back." BRING THE NOISE. DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE. NIGHT OF THE LIVING BASEHEADS. BLACK STEEL IN THE HOUR OF CHAOS. REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE.



**PEACE
CHUCK D
PUBLIC ENEMY**



Reprinted from Volume Five
of the monstrous tome,
THE BE WAFTED SARCOPHAGUS
by James A. Woodcraft.
Copie righted 1892 by the
Cleveland Cthuthu Consort-
ium. See you in Mexico, you
pompous peckerhead...



He began drolly, "Her
drawn sunken features
cryptically sought for
recognition from the dark
looming figure of her Lover,
now perched almost on top
of her frail wiry body.
'Speak nothing more of the
doings nor deeds of this
frightful night,' hissed
an ethereal voice not that
of her lover. A trembling
lurid flash accompanied by
a swift flushing of move-
ment, a telling sign that
the two were alone once
again. The burning demand
swept over their poised
bodies, almost pre-posi-
tioned by some invisible

marionette operator, wait-
ing to excite the thin
strings that elicit move-
ment. Hours turned to
minutes and time flew as
it had drained molasses
only a blink of an eye ago.
The two lost in the greedy
clutches of anxious brood-

ing passion fed the BEAST
inadvertently through the
expression of their sexual-
ity. Sensuous moans inter-
twined with phobic tears,
the two twisted a sick
reality out of some
creature's unholy perva-
sion. Outside the damp
rancor of the chamber,
there crept an arbiration,
a seeping wound of murder-
ous inhumanity. The
disfigurement waxed and
waned thru the hallowed
halls of its Keeper's
ruined palace. Reigning

And his passing Worth.
The manner how he fally'd forth:

knowledge of nothing
while constantly absorb-
ing all that falls before
its festering inspection,
however retarded or ignor-
ant. Welts from last
night's flogging still
stung and its shirt pain-

fully still stuck to the frightfully draining, gruesome hide. The mind, a collaborated mush, while the body a powerful yet pleasureless drooling abnormality. Knocking about in the hall, it distracted the attention of the BEAST, if only for a hair split second, it was enough time for HIM to miss the pinnacle. The end game began a fury not witnessed by any living creature. The insane BEAST whipped and flailed and cast about in such torrid anguish, unknowingly slaying the two captives in the most cruelly violent manner so as to forever have discoloured the chamber with the stain of their gore."

He paused allowing for the proper effect to settle, finally continuing, "The dream stuff of fables and legends that be, missy. Passed on down the heredity line so as to perpetuate a common and familiar evil scourge, a boogy man that has walked along side this culture as it evolved. Based, most likely, on some insidious person but more likely upon a composite of a few somewhat marginal evil folks, a vile concoction of their deeds. But grounded no more in truth than along that fine line." He sighed deeply as if to lower a great weight upon

the table top. He determinedly reached for the small cup of mocca which had long since been warm. His eyes, beads of dark marble, almost wholly - the sheer lack of white struck her then as she restlessly searched for something other than his strangely particular face to occupy her hungry gaze. There sat over in the far corner, hidden by a newspaper of some foreign name, a young attractive man (the author of this work to be exact), she guessed his age to be around twenty-three, but then she was terrible at that sort of guessing. A lungy chortle cut the silence as the overweight bus boy scurried past. The gods were not happy, she thought twisting a lock of her hair between two long fingers. The sun was setting tonight in the north and she could do nothing to stop it. NOTHING.



Remnants

vol 23

"Death comes a'reeking
sit back and enjoy, blood
and guts for everyone.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
We are so sure that you
will enjoy tonight's pro-
ceedings that we are will-
ing to make this once in a
life time offer. If you
are not completely satis-
fied with the killings,
maimings, or random acts
of senseless violence, for
whatever reason we will
refund your money. Yes, we
are that confident!"

I sat back thinking of poor
Leon Trotsky's ice picked
cranium. You know I saw a
picture of his cadaver,
really pretty disturbing
stuff, Trotsky intrigues
me. Remind me to do some
readings. She waltzes past
me in all her adorned
ethnic glory. She reminds
me of a Russian, yeah like
I need to be reminded. So
she's walking to the phone,
conscious that my eyes are
following her, glued to
her form. I got busily
intent upon reading my
magazine in attempt to
avoid being overtly obvious
trying to seem coyly
oblivious. She did manage
to catch my attention

when she was done with
Mother Bell...her walk, a
sort of saunter, invited
my seeping wanting eyes to
follow. Intentional, I
know, by the flip of her
head and slight twist of
her body, deliberately
capturing me in my covetous
act, to make sure that her
performance was not in vain.
She remained until nine,
then I lost her in the
flowing of the crowd.

Vision blurred, Diane
stared me down into the
corner. Then scornfully
berated, "What fuck was
THAT all about? You're a
pig! The fact that you
would oggle some innocent
and the have the nerve to
write about it like it was
some sort of sick sexual
transaction, which both of
you were active partici-
pants in. Your type of
penis pisses me off! Why?
Because you ASSUME..."

Huddled in the backseat,
caressing the remnants of
pleasure, I wished for
divine speed. For the
vehicle to stop at nothing
to get to our final desti-
nation as quickly as possi-
ble so that I may be allow-
ed to exit and go my

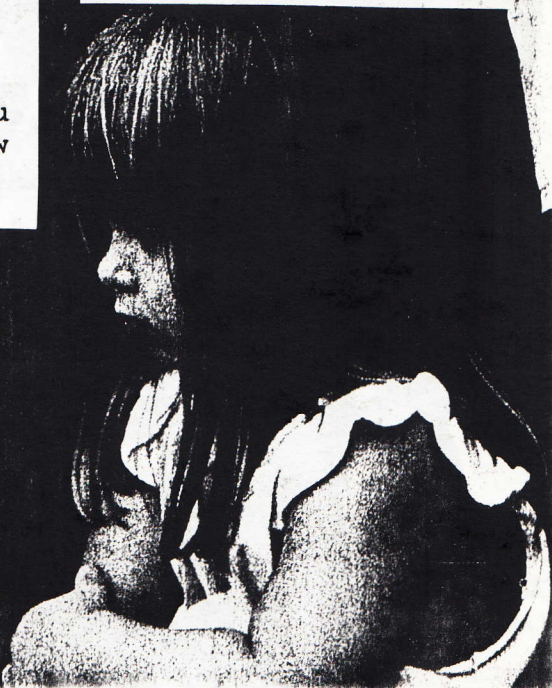
separate way. But boarders had yet to be crossed and miles added to the glowing speedometer before I would be granted freedom. Tonight I had a vision, Jesus appeared in all His risen glory, wounds oozing soul saving fluid, hair whisking in the apparent breeze, blue eyes shining. Jesus told me to run out into the street shouting, "Bury me deeply within the confines of your perversion. Vision of Lovely Remains, I love you more the colder you become." He then disintegrated slowly as to expose His multi-layered super complex deep seeded manifestation. Hey someone's gotta bear witness to the debasement of our savior, Jesus Christ, better me than you, right?

Last night I dremt about flowers and kings. Trying to grasp goodnite. Forever embalmed in bliss, I will sit you at the head of my table and shower you in entrails. I snicker now at the thought of you and I entangled in passion.

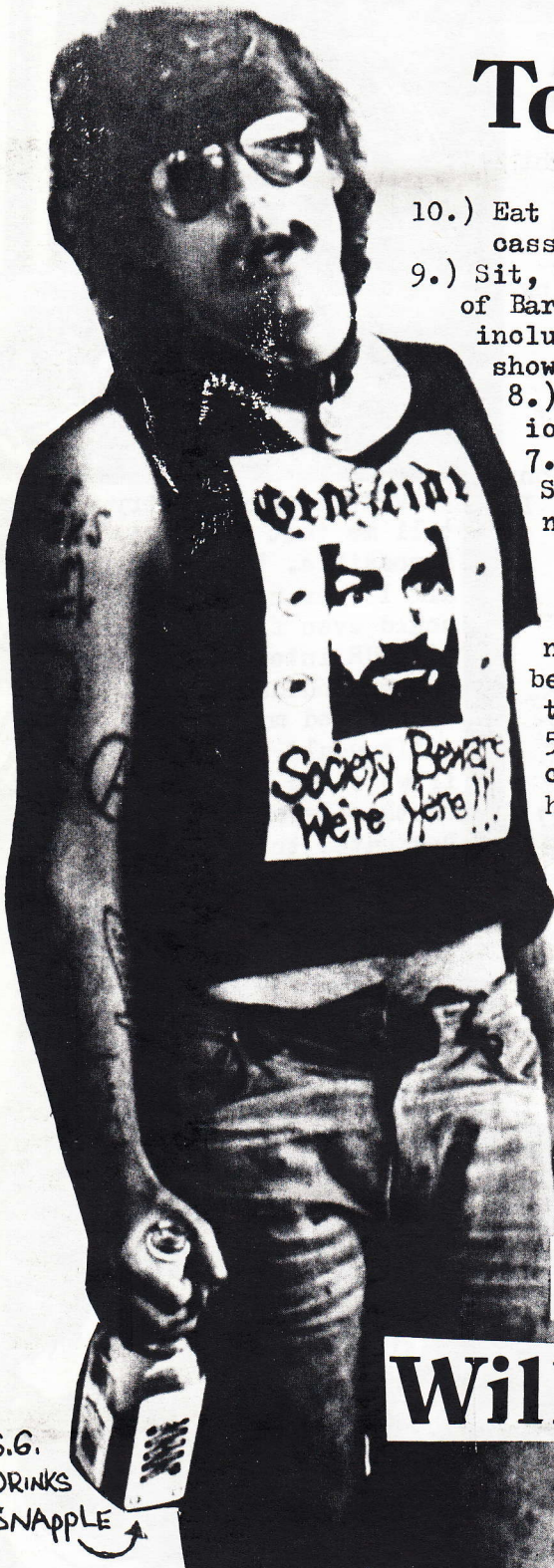


Lookit the sky and try and tell me that orgasm is impossible. You silly fuck all I ever needed from you could even fit in the scope of YOUR intellect. Silly Western buddah. She smiled and kicked my gut.

"It would be wonderful if we could really relate on this level." Dedicated to my little Angel, the one whom I love.



Top 10

- 
- 10.) Eat a 3 day old spinach casserole.
 - 9.) Sit, sober, through a marathon of Barbra Streisand films including 3 consecutive showings of YENTIL.
 - 8.) Join a roundtable discussion on the fading economy.
 - 7.) Hang out with Pauly Shore without feeling the need to expose himself then beating Pauly to death.
 - 6.) Eat Tony Erba's toe nail clippings, mainly because Erba never cuts his toe nails.
 - 5.) Put on a silver studded cape, a top hat, and high heels to dance around the varandah.
 - 4.) Reproduce.
 - 3.) Be invited to the White House and not rape Milli the Bush dog.
 - 2.) Put out a record that does not sound like theDead Boys.
 - 1.) KILL HIMSELF.

Things
GG ALLIN
Will NEVER
Do

G.G.
DRINKS
SNAPPLE

Spike Coal's

YEAR-END AWARDS

No punches pulled.

Wee! howdy fellow indie rockers, Spike Coal here with my annual year end wrap-up, of course four months too late but who cares I've got excuses. You see between my very lucrative business selling post-hardcore records to drunk art students at the Euclid Tavern, at very minimal mark-ups I must add, my radio show got moved messing up my whole social schedule so headaches ensued. Well, if you think all those are lame excuses and that I am still a jack-off for taking so long, get this - I had a KID. Scary thought, the old Spike-man procreated, now I just gotta teach the little whipper snapper to spin indie records and the succession of the Coal Radio Throne has been

assured. So anyway, indulge me as I indulge myself by inflicting you with my pompous opinions of what were and were not the best trends of 1991, enjoy if you can...

COLLECTOR-SCUM PACKAGE OF THE YEAR:

Waiting For Wayne Comp.

Uterus Records put out this compilation of Vancouver bands, most of which you've never heard of. The likes of HAIR GEL, TONIC ASTRONAUTS, SLABBY, and KNIFE WOUND. By far the Hair Gel track takes the cake, its 2 minutes of blank vinyl. The ultimate statement of pretentious sickness, Melvins watch

out. The Slabby song ain't too shabby either, its a cover of The Listerienes "Soap-In-Mouth Blues" noisy as all hell. Tonic Astronauts features ex-members from every Sub-Pop band ever, a total of 53 long haired smelly



Minneapolis drunks (and of course Ian Fugazi), the song is of course a Mud-honey cover. Knife Wound, oh boy, Japanese Canadians, with a Hoover and a broken Whirlpool washer, need I say more? This record comes on Amber vinyl and is limited to 2 copies. I don't even have one! Runner Up : TERIYAKI's "Destruction of Tokyo" 7". Musically this makes no sense, but its destined to drop into the annals of scum history due basically to the fact that the cover is hand screened in the bands own blood (they all committed hara-kiri after no one showed for one of their gigs). 500 released with 15 different designs on Mucus color vinyl, yup I got 10.

ASS-KISS COMPROMISE + MOST DISAPPOINTING SINGLE:
Helmet "unsung"

Hey, if it wasn't for me and Waynestead charting these guys on 'CSB and talking the shit outta 'em do you think that they would be signed to a major?

Fuck no. We broke this band, made them the alternative scene masters they are today? It was us, hey look, we practically wrote the fucking songs. and now this? What the fuck? Who do these guys think they are? And no I'm not jumping on any band wagon of now

slagging this overrated super group. Okay, I admit I was wrong, these guys were never any good, in fact they suck! Play Peabody's when they know I can't sell my records there, assholes! I hate them I hate them I HATE THEM! Runner Up : None.

BEST CLEVELAND RELEASE:

Scat's "Come To Copulate"

This killer package includes an INVISIBLE 12" of local novelties such as Pension Shake, Fuckmebuck, Brewfactor, Psychosilly Slapmaback, and of course ZAZA (fuck yeah)! The music is unattainable and even the decrepit recluse miser who lives below me would cum in his Depends when the needle hits this

record. The copious 16 page linear notes printed on the visible record sleeve (written by my pal Stevie Kolowoloski) makes

sense given the ludicrous context. By far the the best aspect of this release, beside the fact that it is limited to 8, is the innovative page-less zine. Yup, fucking pageless. All the words and graphics are disassembled into a little dobbie bag and you get to put it together yourself! Neat-O-Rama. Of course, witticisms

VITALIS IS THE PRECURSOR TO HAIR GEL
-LOUIS ZIEBLER JR

and snappy layout abound. Styrofoam crayons and plastic monkies also added, jack up the re-sale value. Get out the vaseline, mamma I'm comin home. Runner Up : "Diving For Dollars" All Vivians, all Nirvana covers, hold me back.

ASS-KISS COMPROMISE LP OF

THE YEAR:

Nirvana "Nevermind"

"If you're gonna sell out,
do it with your pants down"
- Tom Waits

Nirvana, speak of the indie satan, pulled a fast one. Although they didn't buffant their hair of allow the make-up chick to apply the layers of illusion as did their ex-label mates Soundgarden. Okay, so there was a pit in the video and Qurdtt had the balls to wear his chain-wallet, sure, okay but the fact is that Nirvana was on MTV. Now

any little two-bit mall-rat with not a thimble full of indie in him can sing along from the safety of his couch. What about all of us drunks dukeing it out in the wee hours of the morning in some smoke filled dive? See what they've done is made our indie rock scene into a commodity, to be bought and sold to pre-adolescents with no concept of anything

not spoon fed to them by the fine folks at MTV. What about us veterans out here in the trenches? Hey, don't get wrong, it wasn't all that bad of a record, its the PRINCIPLE of the thing, you see I have to complain when things I like become popular. Its in my nature, fruity, I know. (editor's note : Listen buster, we doubt

that Nirvana sold out. They would have likely put out the same record



even if they had remained on Sub-Pop. I doubt they kissed anyone's behind, face it they just suck. Another thing, we here have a policy of advocating selling out. Its the whole Da*Da thing money for money's sake. We read Details, Alternative Press and Spin to make sure that we keep on top of the current hipster-freebird-college indie rock trends. Spike, man, I can't see how you forgot this!? Disappointing. - S.W.)

LAYOUT FAGASTYLE
SO DONT BLAME ME

THE DEATH OF EMPEROR Norton

Turn now to the dialatic
bible page five thousand
and five fnord. Chapter
128, Verreses 35-51

35 "Emperor Norton if
you will..." (a tall man
dressed in the finest
regalia that can be
acquired at the K-Mart,
stands. Adjusts his rump-
led suit coat and proceeds
to begin unfolding a
tightly folded little wad
of yellow paper. He runs
his rather large hand thru
a greasy mess of hair and
clears his throat. Looks
down at the paper unfolded
and taps it down, then
pats his breast in search
of his reading spetacles.
Swaying side to side he
begins to read from the
page in front of him.

36 "My fellow Merovigians,
we have gathered here
today to consecrate one
of our very own, someone
so special that we had to
give her three additional

sur names and create 50
new titles just to accom-
modate her high stature.
(pause for contemplation
and/or apple sauce)."

37 "Ahem, lettuce please
welcome into our hearts
and homes (pause) lettuce
welcome to marry our 1st
born sons (pause) lettuce
please give another big
round of apple sauce to
the the only..."

38 Suddenly shots ring
cutting the clear April
air and our saga should
come to a screeching
bloody halt, but the band
played on. I cowered in
the corner sucking on a
pipe dream fueled on the
Devil's own weed, I
figured the best thing to
do was keep my head down
and shut up.

YUCKYPOO

CHAOS
MY SWEET
CHAOS

HAIL EPIS
ALL HAIL
DISCORDIA
FNORD



39 She, the terrible wretched assassin of our shared ignorance, cried out before being wrestled to the ground by the five tough Security Guards, "Soylant Green is people! Soyulant Green is people!"

40 Emperor Norton fell into the arms of the then Sneeker in the House and Drug Czar, William J. Bennett. Blood spurted out of Norton's cheap lapels as Billy softly whispered about how this sort of thing would never have happened if there had been a strong traditional family unit, that's the problem with this country breakdown of them traditional family values.

41 Norton spit up some blood and perished in the clutches of an unsympathetic pious soapboxer.

42 A freeze frame could have ended the saga beautifully, but we instead were force fed a fade to a panoramic serene natural something or other broken only by the terrible soundtrack - rendered incredibly commercially by that in-

famous folk star Joan Baez. Oh well, so it ends. Finally.

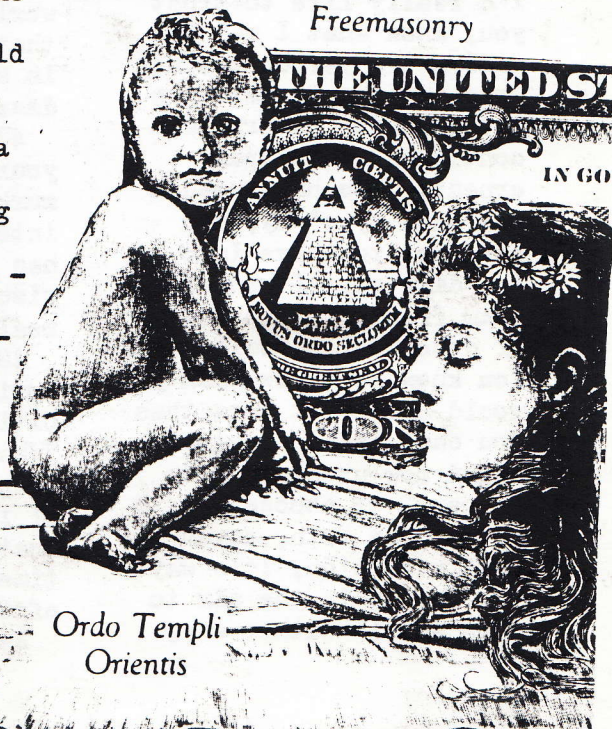
43 The reel continued to spin as the film flickered around producing a loud clicking noise. The people got up all at once and began to file disorderly out the variously positioned exit doors. It was at this point that a rather well-built ugly man with grey slicked back hair, a black pencil thin mustache, and a gold nose ring took me aside.

44 He wrapped his powerful right arm about my shoulder and ducked us both into a small dark corner, people continued to amble out of the room totally ignoring the two huddled dark figures cowering in the corner.

Freemasonry

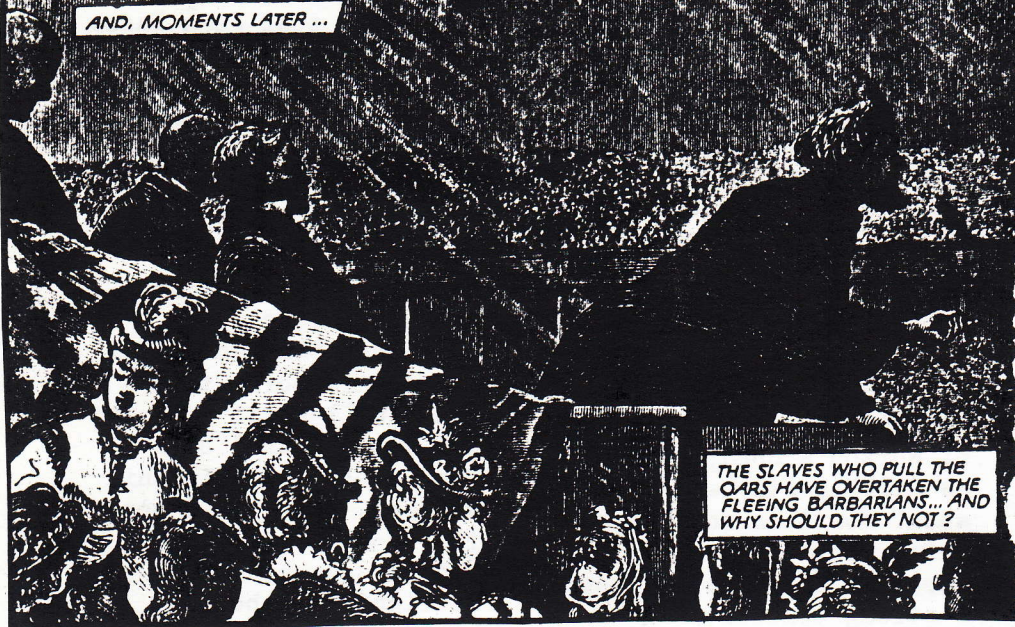
Rosicrucianism

Bavarian
Illuminati



Ordo Templi
Orientis

AND, MOMENTS LATER ...



THE SLAVES WHO PULL THE
OARS HAVE OVERTAKEN THE
FLEEING BARBARIANS... AND
WHY SHOULD THEY NOT?

45 His eyes burning he began, "Kid, Dwight Goodall once told me never to trust someone who can't believe a good lie once and awhile. I'd really like to trust you, know what I mean?"

46 A big yellow toothed grin and a soft pat upon the shoulder before he continued in deadpan earnest, "You have seen a lot but, my o' my, you have yet to delve into the dark sea of wonder or roam freely in the caves of deceitful consciousness. You know more now than you would but a lot less than you can. It all pivots right now upon what you do next, or choose not to do - maybe both, never really certian, it's way too far up in the air to make a call either way,

look at it like this," he tilted his head to the side and back again. I followed his example

and all of a sudden right before my very eyes the world seemed to assume that red hazy glow that is so common in these daze.

47 "Good, I can tell by your expression that the murky afterglow of international politics has finally become a visual part of your reality.

48 I tilted my head upright and shot him a biting questioning stare, "What the hell are you talking about? Afterglow of international politics? What did you slip me this time and when will it wear off?"

49 He chortled, decaying

teeth fully exposed,
 "Silly lad, don't you
 know? International
 politics is simply global
 masturbation. All you are
 doing is tuning your brain
 on to the vibe. What the
 hell do you think that
 cheezy 'OM' jive is all
 about? Harmonic conver-
 gence, my silly white
 behind. Nature rever-
 berating? Wild Bill
 Hickcock's missing right
 eye! Has nothing to do
 with all that silly sub-
 urban hippy propaganda,
 all that was implanted
 by the CIA to throw a big
 Zen smoke screen over the
 whole wacky, ridiculous
 truth. That being that
 Mother Nature and Mankind
 are simply trying to
 reach some sort of simul-

taneous cosmic climax.

50 "But they can't seem
 to do it, so Mankind sits
 locked up on Earth play-
 ing with itself. Sad in a
 way I suppose, but Mother
 Nature is only trying to
 teach Mankind some control,
 possibly patience. But, I

see that you are confused
 and that is very good."

51 He let go of my
 shoulder, turned quickly
 upon his heels, and dis-
 appeared into the noise
 and commotion of the
 crowd. I stood for a full
 minute thinking how the
 hell to get out of this
 while I still knew that
 these people were totally
 insane.

IS THAT THE **END?**



THE

MISGUIDED

"I know very little about anything really. I have a terrible memory and can't articulate ideas verbally very well. I have rested upon my laurels and smart-assed luck. My bleak caustic cynicism hides me well. I have no motivation, no goals, no purpose. I am but another lost soul swimming through this sea of shit. The only difference is that I have oil for blood and teflon for skin and you allow me to corrupt you. Swallow - SWALLOW HARD YOU SILLY FOOLS!!"

- Admiral General Eugene Pointjester (ret)
nervously breaking down during 'Cookie Time' at
the 1978 Kindergarten Conference for Racial Unity.



"I have grown to discover that the light at the end of the tunnel is in all actuality, an angry torch wielding mob waiting to lynch my sorry white ass. And you know what? That really pisses me off."

-Reverence Yohann Serqsees Poohsay, in
a broadcast statement read Nov. 23, 1987
after having been abducted by Bavarian
terrorists demanding the release of their
their captive culture.

"The Shadow figure crept slowly along the ledge of reality, never quite making that precious cross over from one realm to another. Constantly walking the in and out always present yet never there. All the hope in the world nor all the hate could drive this menace from its coveted haunt, it had established itself well and nothing could drive temptation into its heart. Yet there are forces that even the despicable have to answer to..."

- cryptic message left on the
editor's answering machine, on the 40th anniversary of the
explosion of the A-Bomb over Hiroshima, Japan (Aug 6, 1985).

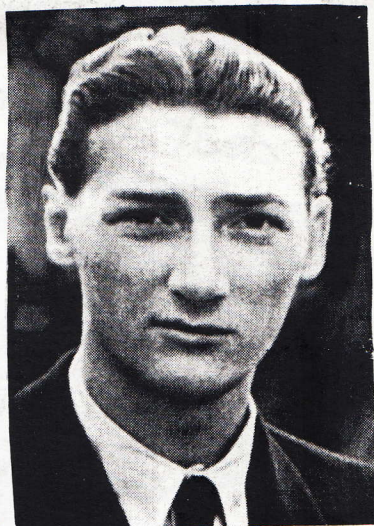


"John, vitalus IS the precursor to hair gel. PRECURSOR!"

- Mr. Louis Ziegler jr to Rev. John Xerxes in a cage
sometime in the middle months of 1992.

QUOTES II

"Life is a complicated series of miscalculations and bad luck. The sooner you can escape its grip the happier you will be. The sooner you give up and throw in the towel, the sooner you will realize that total abandon is the only justifiable recourse. Don't underestimate the power and strength of isolation. Association breeds misunderstanding that reek of putrid intent. Religion offers you a paradise of immortality a blissful rest in the godhead of utopia. Immortality is not a gift from the gods, but a burden to be feared! Avoid it at all costs. Fear and dread are also under-stated, for they offer the extremes from which



we calculate the pleasures of the moment. Intestinal gas is a means of god-like retribution, use it wisely."


- Senator Thaddus (Flibby) Flibhenuser in his farewell speech, March 4, 1976. Two months later he landed in group therapy with your editor.



"My mind is often so numb that I can barely think straight. Things that sometimes make me laugh hysterically, other times make me want to see my partially digested food floating in toilet water. That is life attached to this head, take it or leave it baby, but this pussyfootin' routine that you've perfected just won't cut it with me I am not one of your dime store gigolos that you can push around until you decide to shove me aside. I know what you're..OH SHIT..."

- Sigh Sperling, President of the Hair Klub for Mens to then wife and super model Sandra Yocab moments before his assignation at the hands of the disgruntled

terrorist organization, International Association of Short Enthnic Fat Balding Guys Demanding Justice. Aug. 9, 1990.



dear karen,

the fat kid will dance...

love John.

HE DANCED FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH

LUNCH

"My image IS my livelihood," red hair bobbing with each toneful inflection, "so of course I was appalled to see it associated with such a hateful product as yours." She sipped from the straw floating inches from the rim of her mixed martini glass. My mind was far from the table, far from her words, farther still from this afternoon's assumed identity. Walk-

ing somewhere else, fingers interlaced tenderly with another's, smoking Carlston's and

making memories. She continued to speak, her

lips thickly molding words, beautifully rounding out her finely tuned, legally sound grievance. My ears were not for hearing any of it, the Suits

seated at the table next to us heard more than I. She no doubt wants money, they always do. It becomes tiresomely tedious. This one was nothing to look at, occasionally the



camera does not lie and they sit there perfectly projected flesh and blood, melting your insides out. I become anxious when surrounded by unattainable

human beauty. What does one say? Odd thing about human beings, they are very quick to deny one another humanity. The waiter stopped by to ask if everything was in order, as if he really cared. By now her self-absorbing rant became self-conscious, she realized that I was paying attention to every thing but her. Her long manicured red tipped fingers began to nervously thump upon the heavy silk table cloth. I commented some flippant legal jargon, she grunted in an attempted show of asp-like nonchalance, she acts badly. The Suits rose to leave, my eyes drawn to follow the luscious cotton fluidity, executive prowess turns me on. She is digging something, most likely a

nervous itch, out of the back of her head. I smile uncontrollably. "Well," resonances deeply cracking the spell I had failed to contain, "if you're not going to committ either way I suppose we will meet again in court." Cold painful smile, tears welling just behind her perarly whites, I wish

she would spit them out already. Severe thoughts of violence have been accompaning thick moments like these, when a mere word could cost my bosses millions and me my very lucrative job. Composure used to be my forte', now it is my demon. I reach for a stout little glass tinkling with ice cubes, lift the immense weight of it to my shuudering lips and begin to recite the magna cum laude

speech in my spinningly furious head. I smirk a death smile, engaging her eyes intensely for the first time. Words come pouring out, automatically smoothing the troubled waters, reassuring the status quo by adding a few digits. She is listening to words that I can't even hear. She leans back arching against the cold metal support of her



chair, hands impassively fumbling to light rolled tobacco. She is not relaxing, although she has been coached extremely well. I can feel her resolution melting away as the numbers flip of my forking tongue. She slips, two teeth bite into the painted flesh of her lower lip, my penis grows. Power

comes not from convincing her, but from tempting her I really want to fight but I negotiate the way out. Silence reigns for a full minute. Her mind cluttered with large numbers, mutiple contradictions, and most predominately an easy way out of a nasty, time consuming, uncertian situation. I have won again.

THE
END AGAIN

F.Y.I.

IN ORDER FOR you, THE READER, TO GET A BETTER GRASP ON REV. JOHN XERXES, THE PERSON - the Management OFFERS THIS QUICK BIOGRAPHY. WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT IT WIL FURTHER ENLIGHTEN, INSPIRE, AND ENTERTAIN. ♥

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY

NAME : Changkil Shelton.

AGE : 23 in two years.

OCCUPATION : I work for the State.

PRIZED POSSESSION : My super delux coragated Big Mamma Dildo. I like to carry it around while I shop.

FAV CHILDHOOD MEMORY : The time we took Timmy Johnston to his 1st black mass. Boy, were his folks pissed.

LAST BOOK READ : Michael by Jo-Seph Goebbels.

NOBODY KNOWS I'M : a woman.

I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO : Maintain a meaningful erection.

MY FRIENDS LIKE ME B/C :

I'm easy and have money.

IF I COULD DO IT ALL OVER :

I would be Japanese w/a thing for goats.

PERSONAL HERO : Auswik Clambeck 3d.

3 WORDS TO DESCRIBE YOU :

Fuck, shit, cunt.

BEHIND MY BACK PEOPLE SAY :

Hey, look, its the Pillsbury Doughboy.

FAV TOM CRUISE MOVIE : The

one when he plays the young cocky kid who smiles a lot.

Rubbed raw and rotting in the morning sun, the bloodless corpse seemed to smile up at the crowd gathered in anxious nervous curiosity. The stench was not quite as overbearing as the shocked moans or the disgusted wails would lead one to suspect. I stood there 3 deep in the crowd of cheap thrill seekers, they seemed not to notice my pleasure at their calculated responses. Once the cameras arrived all the up right moral status whores crowded about stifling their smiles and primping their

boredom; populated by escapists and wealthy freaks running from the daily plight of the hustle and bustle. I had seen it coming and can't really say that I was shocked, morally outraged, nor fearful in the least. As the trucks full of made-up local newscasting celebrities rolled on to the bloodless scene, I pulled my jacket a little tighter and

turned to make my way back to the closed comfort of my little anonymous house. Exiting as my neighbors attempted to make their

A Morning Spectacle

sleep haggard hair, preparing for their shot at the gleaming tube they kneel to worship each and every night. I smiled for I had not known the victim nor really caring that such an atrocity could have been carried out so close to my property value. I smiled for I was not surprised, in fact I had been somewhat impatient for something of this caliber to occur. Not quite at the point of taking steps to bring it about, no, but anxious for it to cast its dark shadow over this pleasant little safehaven of money, security, and

presence articulate, trying to catch that moment in the media sun. Boy, wait till the guys down at the office hear about this. Feeding the meat grinder of banal gossip newsless chatter that is heard and discussed for hours upon weeks over the telephone, water cooler, back yard fences, lunch and dinner tables - populating the life mythos for years to come. A witness to a shooting, stabbing, rape, mutilation, or some crime that will be the most exciting event these human insects will have happen to them in weeks.

They will re-tell it and re-tell it until everyone they know can recite it verbatim along with the story teller. Even this up lifting act of violence that had once shattered their glass bauble of boredom will have become encased within it and thus become just as tedious. Dressed a few hours later, I walked by the scene now cleansed beyond notice by the City's Shit Workers and thought of the spectacle is now a fading memory...



Nothing
Profound
about it
Bill Cosby
is Simply
an Asshole.

...ugh her Jewie.
mother's matchmaker. **Locked**
■ (8) **MOVIE** — **Up: A Mother's Rage** 1991.
Cheryl Ladd, Jean Smart. As
a framed-for-drugs single
mother suffers in prison, her
three children suffer with her
sister.
■ (19) **Married** ... **With**
Children Steve (David Garr
n) tries to win back Ma

AFTERMATH

The knights of dawn creep slowly up to the walls of the fortress we have constructed from the sun-bleached bones of our ancestors. Remains we pray will protect dilligently, held under the weight of attack. Treasure seems a vain and pompous concept when cast in the amber of this bloodless moment before combat. Even the most sinful and incestuous filth implore their forsaking gods at times when the stank of their own blood hovers immediately in the air. Is it a good day to die? One shall soon see...

The priests and ministers congregate screaming homage as the white horses descend

from the grassy knoll, the assault has begun. Frantically, almost in self sacrifice the first wave smashes against the fossilized walls staining them once again with crimson gore. Our stronghold gallantly proved itself a worthy fortress for many hours, until the warhorses and battle gear crashed through the west wall. The combat assumes a new strength and the battle rears its ugly festering head refreshed by the intensity of the renewal of the bloodletting. Men turn to beasts and beasts to monsters, devouring one another in every way possible. The carnage continued to mount well past

the turning of the moon. The tide of battle was turning shortly before dawn, when our attackers' mystics became overly confident disturbing their guardian spirits, who took the warrior's arrogance as insult, abandoning the penetrators to fend mortally for their lives alone. Our men sang humble praises and mounted a counter-attack



which would have even made the most hardened warlord cringe. Slash and burn is not generous enough of a description for the war-weary madness unleashed from our brethren's swaying assault to drive the enemy from our decimated camp.

Streams of blood such that even Mother Earth could not absorb, now lapped against the crumbling walls. Corpses floated together in some sort of post mortem continuance of combat. Anger forever twisting their distorted, mangled faces. The battle being over it was our

grim duty, our morbid task, to count, identify, and if at all possible separate the larcenous villains from the gallant martyrs. Sword play leaves grisly corpses; hacked severed, and eternally bleeding. We are left stained for months. So we mopped and scrubbed and pieced together well into the following night.

A strange haunting calm settles over a battle field after

the carnage has ended, one would expect feelings of humble nobility or great reverence for the souls freed of mortal captivity. Yet this is not what happens, the battle field assumes a ridiculous, almost humorous stink, a sheer perfect mockery of the infantile whims of a self-destructive culture. Inspired laughter at the dead, instead of tearful prayers, corpses make a splendid audience. They have given their lives for a willful projection of an ideology, a proud conquest of land, the gaining of national glory, the propagation of a slogan or a king's fitful will. Temporal, finite, and abstract notions beg men to fight and die. And yet the tragic irony, if one dare call it such, is that self-sacrifice is infinite; therefore the means to the ends are greatly out of proportion. One would die to add to the imposed boundaries of his fleeting nation-state or to smash out of existence his hated

most infamous enemy, with the gravely real possibility that he, himself, will be erased from the chalk-board of existence. Glory, the war mongers will chant, for the immortal recognition of myth and legend - further finite justifications. Only a few will be "immortalized" in the songs sung around the great feasting tables, and those songs will be altered, molded to fit the needs of the present kingship. Myths are palpable and transitory, authorship and specific individuality

lost or replaced by scholarly characterizations and lofty interpretations. Yes, corpses will listen to the ranting of those who mop up, for they are after all a captive audience. And nothing changes, for when you only have corpses listening to your revolutionary wisdom, what sort of army are you to build from that? Who will they convince of your pacifistic ways? Suppose I am preaching to the converted...



CONSERVATION CORNER with

• REV. JOHN XERXES THE GOD.



HEY, WITH ALL THE RECENT LIP SERVICE BEING PAID UPON CONCERN FOR THE EARTH, RECYCLING, AND ALL THAT RELATED ENVIRONMENTAL EARTHY HIPPIE BULLSHIT. I GOT TO THINKING, WHICH AS YOU CAN WELL IMAGE IS NEVER A GOOD THING—WHAT, I ASKED MYSELF, COULD I, PERSONALLY, DO TO SAVE THE EARTH OR AT LEAST MINIMIZE MY CONTRIBUTION TO ITS EVENTUAL DEMISE.



THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK TO DO IN THIS REGARD IS
KILL MYSELF.



I WILL END THE VICIOUS CYCLE OF MISUSE, EXCESS AND ABUSE ONCE AND FOR ALL! I WILL FINALLY BECOME PERSONALLY INVOLVED IN THE FOOD CHAIN AS I DECOMPOSE WITH THE DIGNITY I'VE ALWAYS COMMANDED. I WILL END MY LIFE WITH A SMILE FOR I WILL DIE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I PERSONALLY HAVE ACTED TO SAVE OUR HOME. IF YOU ARE TRULY COMMITTED TO SAVING THE EARTH LEAVE IT NOW!

KULTURE WAR

The Madman Poet hobbled past the wheelchair merchants seemingly captivating an unseen audience with mumbling jibberish. His fingers shakingly encircling invisible objects that flutter to close to his head. Finally after an all day trek around the downtown square, he has achieved some respite by sitting on his favorite bench, drink in one hand while the other outstretched, twists the thin polluted metropolis air. He clears his throat of cancerous mucus and begins his sunset soliloquy, "The Nazi's spoke much of a culture war in which the German culture would be purified and beautified through the violent eradication of a few disgusting subversive microbe microbes, which manifested themselves as liberal, communist, or jewish elements of the then flourishing avant garde open mindedness of the Weirmar Republic. Essentially all non-Greco-Roman or traditionally Western motifs would be tolerated. Nazi propaganda systematically linked the progressive avant garde

with the deformed and mentally ill, the effect was chillingly leveling. Degenerative Art exhibits clearly spelled out, thru graphic illustration, what exactly was subversive and direly in need of purging. Art works would be shown along side propaganda fear blurbs relating outrageous claims, predictions, and attacks upon the artists' differing world view as we well as his sanity and ultimately human worth.

Within you there is an emptiness—



REPENTANCE means confessing

Degenerative Art exhibits coincided with Sanctioned Art exhibits which contained passive realist works with non-questioning themes of traditional subject matter; passive landscapes (mountain scenes a personal favorite of the little nut role), rustic family scenes, and sculptures of traditional and classical - albeit idealized and somewhat homoerotic - themes which were to define the new German man. German artists were sent

Destruction of a Convent.



upon a mission to redefine and recapture the new German ideal, set it upon canvas and carve it into stone so that the world would forever realize what was attempted and accomplished by the Third Reich. Architecture was designed with a sense of how magnificent it would look once it had gone to ruin. The architects of doom set about to recapture the Greco-Roman sense of idealism and build again a power not only militarily but socially equivalent. Ugliness in any manifestation in effect was to be eradicated."

He paused to crinkle his nose at the pigeons brooding upon the gigantic war memorial that loomed before his nervous ranting. Wetting his lips with cheap whiskey he continued, "My point is this, it is all coming back. The Nazi

influence upon the psyche of America's landed elite and politicians is well documented in many esoteric and other underground journals, so why is it absurd to draw similar-



ities between the gross display of exuberance and flagrant hatred of the Dengenerative Art exhibits to today's attempts at censorship or so called parental concern? Is what Senator Helms doing to R. Mapplethorpe any different? Mr. Bush and the other fundamentalist Republicans, whose iconoclast rule we have been subjugated to for the last twelve years, all that much different? No theaters showing Triumph of the Will nor



Drinking, smoking, petting, indulging in shameful sex has not filled that void. Yet,

any art museums staging government shows, or are there? We have been told that there is an element at work in American culture today whose sole purpose is to steal our morals and corrupt our youth. Yet, Hollywood is owned by the commercial market and not by the pointy-beaded jew. Hollywood bows only to demographics and marketability nothing more. We are handed what we pay for, no matter what the right wing would have you believe. I say it is high time for the disgusting, the amoral, and the godless to stand up and speak for themselves because what you are being handed as examples of depravity are only cheap facsimiles created by straight-laced suited

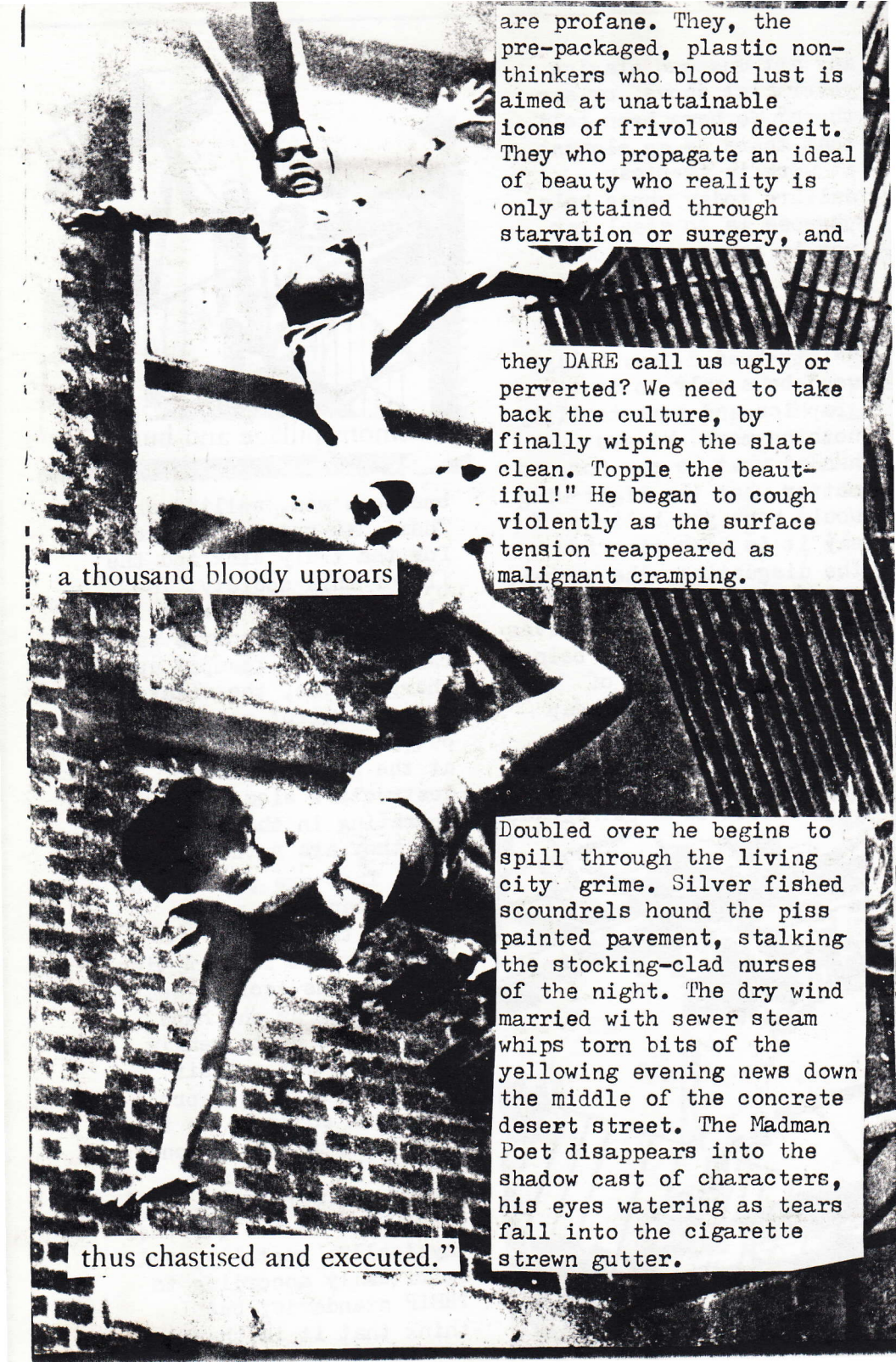


tortures to gain gold,



demons pillage and burn

business men, selling shock. There has yet to be a voice for the truly sick and the ill of this society. The closest we have come is C. Manson, who of course was railroaded on trumped up charges. See, the right wing beautiful people are out there pointing fingers at the so-called sick destructive elements operating in the society, yet they are pointing at a sham. They are pointing at other beautiful people playing the role of depravity. It is high time that we, the scorned scape goats stand up and hand them something to really fear. Lets seize their culture with both leprous hands and shake it to the ground. Lets rise up one and all to proclaim BEAUTY THROUGH THE GROTESQUE! We are deformed physically, mentally, and spiritually according to THEIR standards, but I think that it is they who



are profane. They, the pre-packaged, plastic non-thinkers who blood lust is aimed at unattainable icons of frivolous deceit. They who propagate an ideal of beauty who reality is only attained through starvation or surgery, and

they DARE call us ugly or perverted? We need to take back the culture, by finally wiping the slate clean. Topple the beautiful!" He began to cough violently as the surface tension reappeared as malignant cramping.

a thousand bloody uproars

Doubled over he begins to spill through the living city grime. Silver fished scoundrels hound the piss painted pavement, stalking the stocking-clad nurses of the night. The dry wind married with sewer steam whips torn bits of the yellowing evening news down the middle of the concrete desert street. The Madman Poet disappears into the shadow cast of characters, his eyes watering as tears fall into the cigarette strewn gutter.

thus chastised and executed."

LOVE ONE ANOTHER...

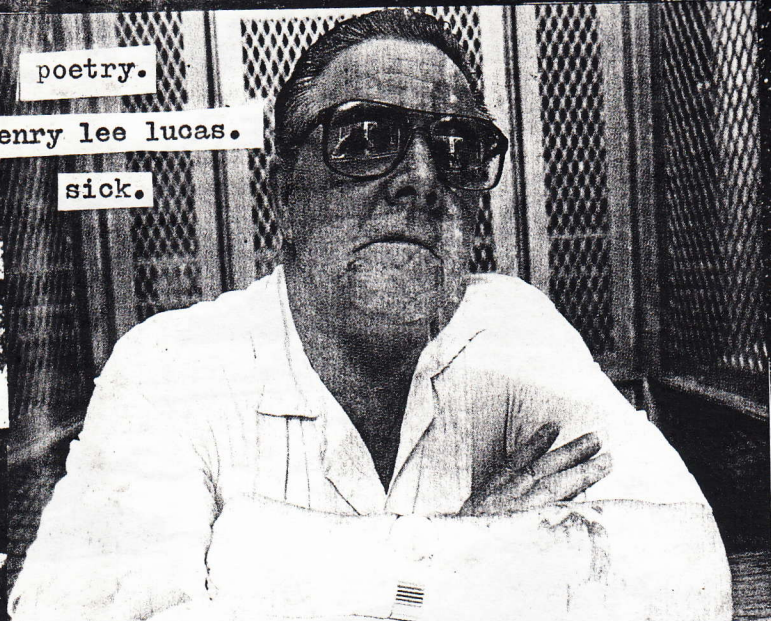
A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a beach. Several dead animals, likely seals or sea lions, are lying on the sand. The image is grainy and has a stark, almost graphic quality. The animals are scattered across the frame, with one large animal in the foreground and several others in the background. The sand is light-colored, and the animals are dark, creating a strong visual contrast. The background shows some vegetation and a distant shoreline.

AND PROCREATE

poetry.

henry lee lucas.

sick.



"how slight is the power of a man who cannot prevent
someone else from doing to him what he does to others"
- Boethius Consolation of Philosophy

GOLF

I sat and prayed that
your son would die
I sat and stared as
the planes flew bye
I sat and cried while
the Nation sighed
in relief that the
Storm was over.

HEADLITE

A Urine Stained Leak
Rabid Glassed Green
Low Brow Copulation
A Fawn Lay Bleeding

COW

cow cow see the cow
smash its head in now
cow cow see the cow
watch it twitch and bleed

LOVE

i LIVED FOR your SCORN
your SHRUG OF DISTAIN
ITS your FLESH NOW TORN
SPLATTERED BLOOD DOWN my DRAIN
your CORPSE NOW ADORNS
my SHRINE TO our PAIN

FUN

naked
violated
draining
bleeding
remember?

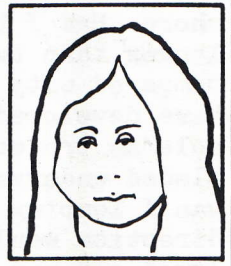
I WANT TO BE A WOMAN.

NOTE : I wrote this in a fit of hallucinatory anger. I realized later that not only is it not finished, but it is also very corny. To remedy this please read this section out loud to someone you love. Thank You, the Management.

The night was cool, & a sweet wind swept in from the west, she felt good against me running her mouth like a babbling brook. I have been well trained by Jesuits not to listen, to hear without comprehension, eight long years should account for more, but it doesn't, that is all I retain. Well, not counting the nasty jousting scar above my left eye running the breadth of my forehead. She told me once that she enjoyed its texture, as she licked the sweat from my brow, possibly this is the reason I let her hang about. The sun was setting, I remember now, the sky was aglow with a dying solar ember creeping slowly behind the unforgiving horizon, almost reluctant to be leaving. The diesel engine's droning out back almost compensated, yet I still heard the shattering, painful death cries slicing the imposed summer calm. I jumped from her embrace, upsetting the glass pitcher of lemonade, I would notice later a brown stain on the porch where the lemonade



HONEST AND
FORTHRIGHT



EYES DEVOIS AND
SHIFTY

had landed, upon closer inspection the stain was actually a fluctuating mass of feeding piss ants. Why is that important now? Why does this gross overwhelming image of the feasting of a few hundred insects remain? Regardless, I leapt from the porch after hearing the cries, on to the scorched brown carpet of summer grass, a million little knives which seemed intent upon making each bare footed step a discomfoting



GENEROUS
AND WARM



MOUTHS SOUR, MEAN
AND CRITICAL



INTELLIGENT,
CULTURED



THICK AND
UNCIVILIZED

chore. Had I been here longer than two weeks my pampered city feet would have developed a callus sole as protection from the bladed undergrowth. Where was I leaping to? In which direction would I run to? Isn't old man Jackson simply bringing his herd to slaughter? Was this an over-reaction of a hyperly tense operative? Then I heard the whimper of help, a distinctive human cry, then complete silence.

Back on the porch, I remember pacing frantically back and forth, as she tried her best at soothing my mind. No, she hadn't heard it, too entangled in her own petty complaint or over-exaggeration. I couldn't calm down and I slept only a few fitful hours, taking off every forty minutes or so to make a perimeter patrol around the house. My knees were aching, the operation had only been a few weeks ago, I was supposed to be keeping to bed rest and yet here I was leaping from porches and hearing dreadful tortured cries that kept me from sleep. The next day

passed without incident, I slept most of the afternoon away in a beading sweat frantically tossing and turning on the wicker couch in the red hue of the satin draped parlor. Jake came over that evening and we 3 sat and played cards, eating up a good four hours. She had gone in to use the toilet or refill her glass pitcher of lemonade or some thing domestic, when Jake leaned in close to my good ear and began chanting in a coded tongue that I knew he had no working knowledge of nor access to. Alarmed, I jolted back to look upon the hard wind chiseled,

sunned gray features of a seasoned share cropper I had known since adolescence. He started back, startled at my expression no doubt, then he did something very peculiar; licking his lips slowly with his dry red tongue he uttered six words that will be forever burned into my memory. Looking passive for the first time allnight, the words seemed to come to me telepathically "I WANT TO BE A WOMAN." Then he was gone, fleeing off



BRAVE, STRONG
AND MANLY



WEAK AND
SPINELESS

show that many girls would prefer to be boys, whereas hardly any boy would admit the reverse). It is simply that women in fiction are usually portrayed in insipid secondary or domestic roles and are allowed very little character at all: there is very

to hide behind the dark drawn curtain of night. She returned, without question to lick my ear until I was fast asleep. What the hell was going on down there?

I woke up with a raging hardon, it threw my schedule off and the rest of the day I was an over-caffeinated zombie, I didn't even shower. I think it rained because the field out back where Ray had built that dammed ball diamond was pock marked with quarter sized discolored blotches. The kind left by a short hard summer shower. I danced my death dance with ritualistic haituatization, they had taught me well. The gray cat watched with indifference, more coffee was served. What was that story Marlon Brando told about the snail and the razor blade in that Viet Nam movie? Remember that? I do. She told me how silly I could be at times and walked off to gather eggs from the hen house. I didn't see her till afterwards, prbably she knew and went into the woods to hide. She could have warned you, maybe you could have even stopped me. But she, she went into the woods to hide out in the hickory tree house I built her in a rather imposing sycamore,

one whimsical summer when the headaches weren't so life consuming. She would weep later, as would I, for even preventive measures had been denied and I did what you conditioned me to do....can I have another cigarette?

All I really recall about the incident is what you have told me and what you let me read of the police reports. As you gentle men know, if I actually did all the atrocities you condemn me of, then by all means take my life now and write it up like I attacked you. Do what you do, just don't let me continue...It is too hard for men like me. We listen without hearing, we judge without honor, we act without condition based upon what we are told. We are men of faith. We are scum and you tolerate us as long as we stay out of your neighborhoods and your daughter's underpants. You are as guilty as I am, if that is what I am. It is your call gentle men. My only request is that you turn off that dammed radio when you leave, it bothers me. . .

(continued)



EASYGOING
GOOD-HUMORED



PARSIMONIOUS
AND CRABBY

L.A. riots prove un-American gun control advocates wrong

A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

That is the second amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Having an armed citizenry is as relevant today as it was 200 years ago. The British tried to keep guns out of the hands of the colonists before the War of Independence. The colonists were told they did not need guns since the British army would protect them.

Hostilities broke out near Boston when Red Coats tried to confiscate a magazine of colonial muskets.

The modern day Red Coats, the Kennedys' and other gun control advocates, are telling us the same thing—private citizens do not need guns.

However, who can ignore the recent events in Los Angeles? The stories are now beginning to come forth. Stories of how people tried to buy guns to protect themselves, their families and businesses from the mob that had taken over the

streets, but were unable to because of a relatively new 15 day waiting period on the purchase of a gun. Yet the gun control advocates will tell you that the waiting periods are no infringement.

There are more examples (thankfully less graphic than L.A.)

While gun control advocates maintain it is too dangerous to use a gun in self-defense, Dr. Gary Kleck, a criminologist at Florida State University, has found that one is nearly twice as likely to be hurt when failing to resist a criminal as when resisting.

This teaching has become commonplace in self-defense classes across the country.

The examples of why gun control is a bad idea are legion, and they will revolve around this simple wisdom.

The purpose of gun control is to get guns out of the hands of criminals.

If you make guns illegal (and gun controllers do want to eventually make all guns illegal) then lawful citizens will turn in their guns. The result will be that the only people with guns are criminals.

That is exactly what gun control was supposed to prevent.

Now it seems to me we should be able to find a better solution than that.

Statistics courtesy of The McAlvany Intelligence Advisor



Not The World View

Farley Dillinger

of the folly of gun control. For instance, there are over 100 million firearms in private hands, yet only a fraction of one percent are used in the commission of a crime.

Every year private citizens kill over 3,000 attackers in justifiable self-defense and wound/apprehend over 15,000 using their personal firearms.

And in the year 1990, about 645,000 citizens used handguns to protect themselves from criminal attacks.

REPRINTED WITHOUT PERMISSION TOO
REPRINTED FROM MY COLLEGE'S NEWSPAPER THE CALIFORNIAN
TRY + SUGGESTIONS HIGH (X)

5/21/92

MY RESPONSE 5/21/92 - They put on the CHEEZY HEADING.

I like to shoot people

Editor:

Farley Dillinger missed the point.

We don't need more words debating a few stupid regulations or rules in the attempted control of firearms. The real issue we should be lobbying for is the inalienable right to shoot one another.

can't use them on one another? This whole superimposed illegitimacy of murder needs to be dismantled. The world would be a much safer, more lovely utopia if only I could shoot those I disagree with.

Thanx for the space.

Love,
John X

PS. I am dead serious. This is not a joke.

I FUCKING LOVE LOVE
THIS SENTENCE!
I DIDN'T SPELL THANKS LIKE THAT, HONEST
I HAD TO DROP MY SLAVE NAME...
CORRECT

What fun is owning a firearm, a high powered one at that, if we

THANK TO DAN AND CHRIS FOR HELPING ME SPELL L Y

FIGHT ME

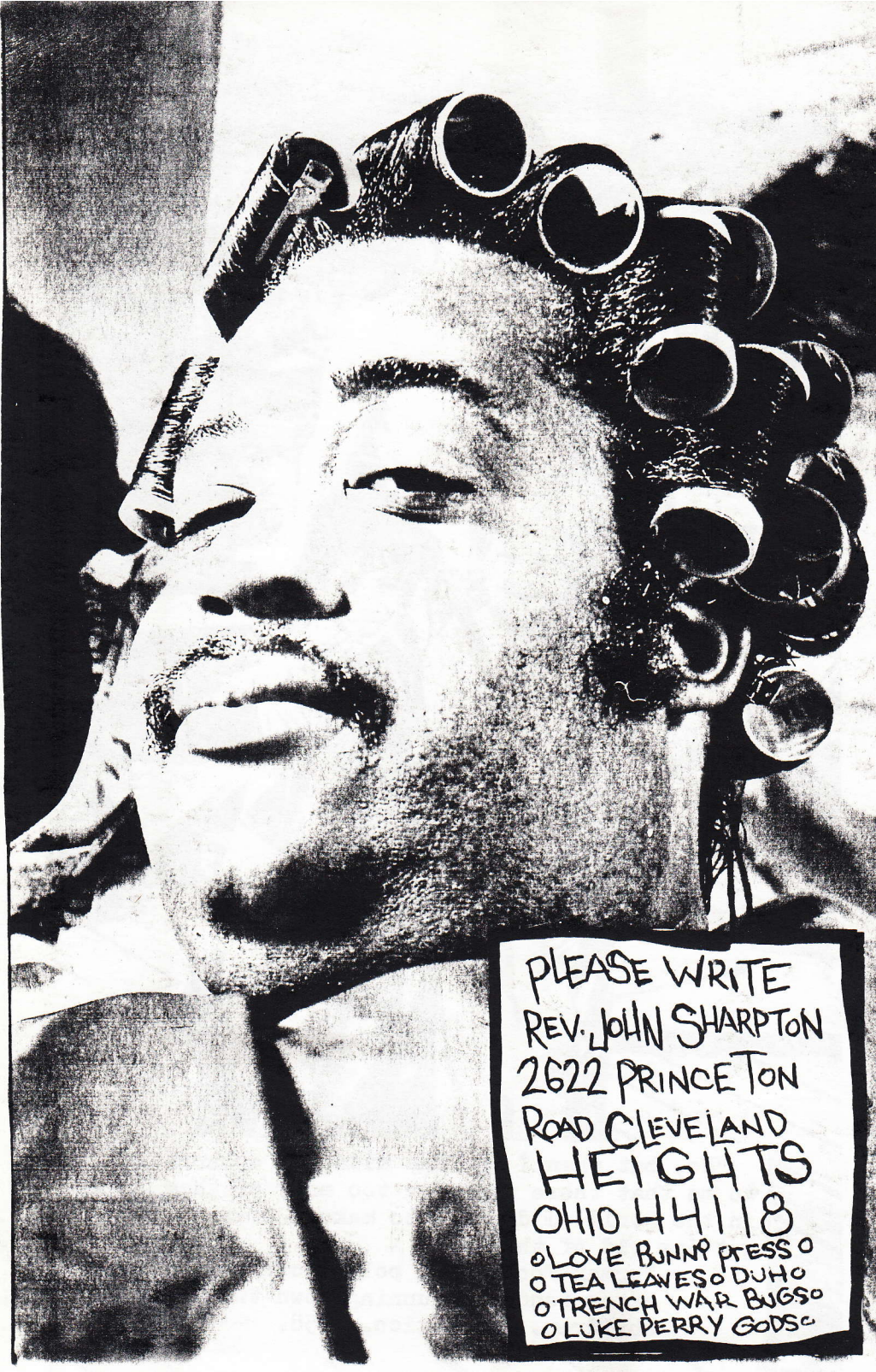
FUCK YOU DICK



"No, but when I saw the kids, it occurred to me that there were far too many of them in the world. I decided to make a start getting rid of them..."

- Norman Foose to a police officer after randomly gunning down two children. New Mexico, 1958.





PLEASE WRITE
REV. JOHN SHARPTON
2622 PRINCE TON
ROAD CLEVELAND
HEIGHTS
OHIO 44118
O LOVE BUNNY PRESS O
O TEA LEAVES O DUHO
O TRENCH WAR BUGS O
O LUKE PERRY GODS O

ALL

NO. 5

HOODWINK.

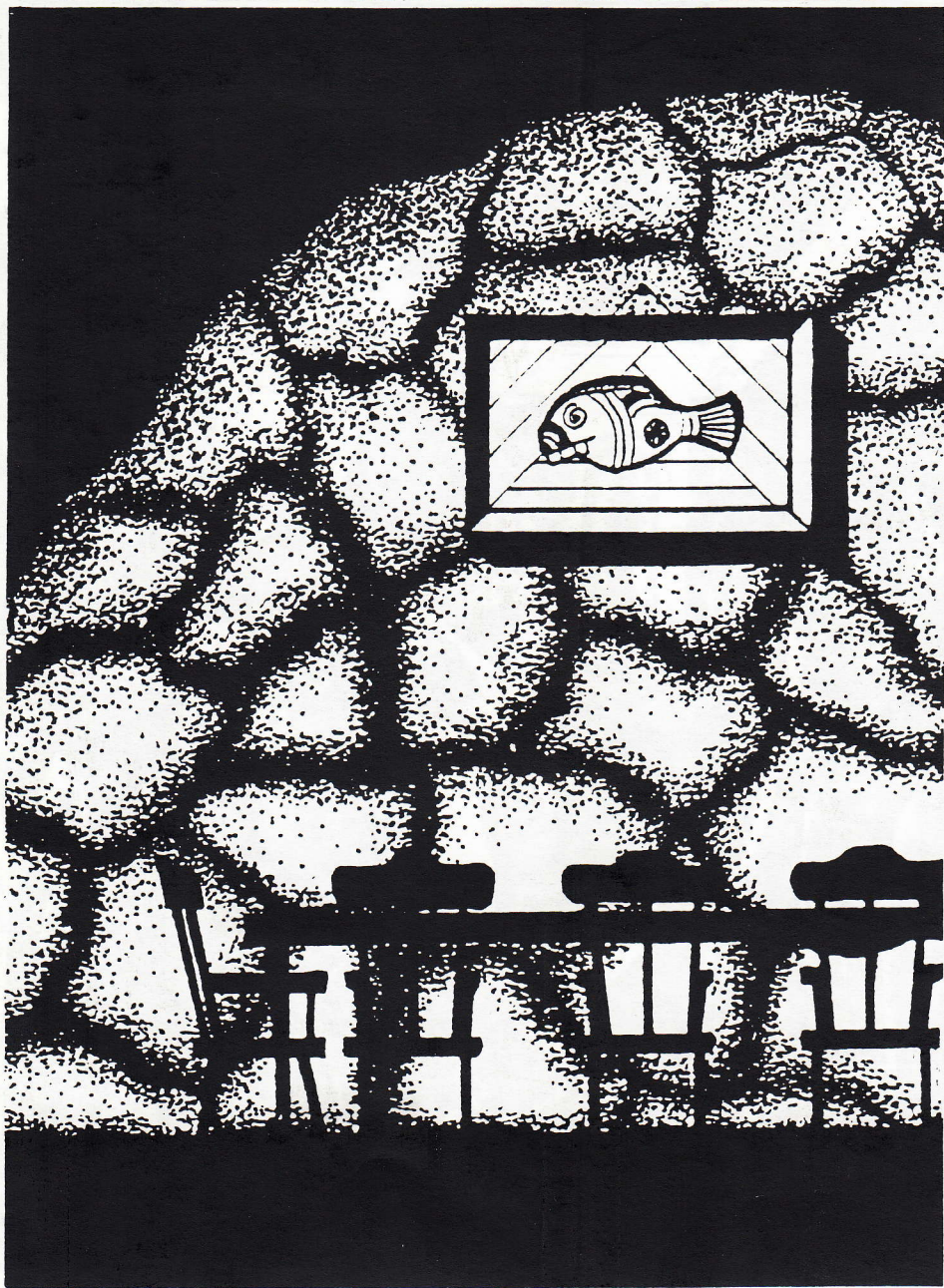
ONE

75¢



KINDLY REFRAIN FROM SIMULTANEOUSLY FOCUSING ON THIS
MAGAZINE AND MASTURBATING (I.E. PLAYING, RUBBING,
TOUCHING THE PRIVATES OR OTHER EROGENOUS ZONES). THIS IS
A FAMILY PUBLICATION YOU SINFUL FUCKING PERVERTS.

-THANK YOU KINDLY, THE MANAGEMENT.



HOODWINK



FOR MOM & CAROLYN

Cover illustration from The Complete Book of Erotic Art by Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen.

Inside cover illustration by Tony Colette.

Illustration below by Four-String Boy, Dan Gorostiaga.

Ignore all copyrights. We have the dictionaries and the photocopiers. We have the power.

Sample the visual image and the written word.

There is a network of people who litter obscure public places with beaten-up porno mags. I believe there is a decipherable method to this widespread phenomenon: sexual mind control. Every single person I have talked to first found pornography as a scavenger. If you or someone you know has a different story, please contact me. These people are on some sort of mission, and we must find out *what that mission is.*

dawn, throughout Sweden white-gowned Lucias (young girls wearing crowns of candles) enter restaurants, businesses, and schools carrying candles to illuminate this shortest day.

Throughout the festive season, Stockholm's restaurants serve *julbord*s, elaborate smorgasbords that include such traditional fare as *lussekatter* (saffron-flavored rolls), *glogg* (a spiced wine laced with almonds and raisins), and *lutfisk* (dried ling, a codlike fish, soaked in lye).

4. Las Posadas: In this 250-year-old Spanish-influenced ceremony, candle-carrying singers move along San Antonio's River Walk and reenact the Holy Family's search for an inn. As part of the *Fiesta de las Luminarias*, candles set in paper bags line the river, representing the lighting of the Holy Family's way to Bethlehem.

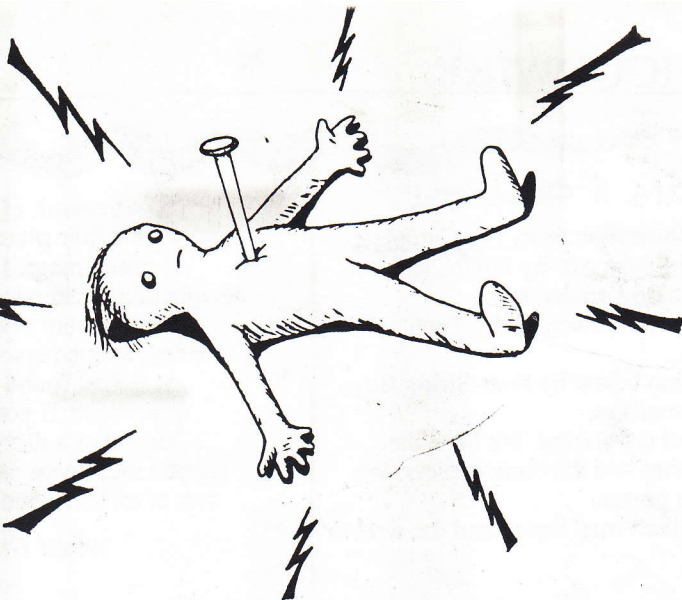
The December 11 procession starts at La Mansion del Rio Hotel at 6 P.M. and ends at the Arneson River Theatre, where clay figures of the Holy Family are placed in a crèche. Afterward, hot chocolate and cookies are served.

5. Messiah Sing-In: New York's Avery Fisher Hall hosts the annual communal rendition of Handel's opus on December 14 and 22. After the sing-in, the crowd drifts down the stairs and out into

TICKER TAPE...

Using Amtrak's \$299 All Aboard America pass, James J. Brady of Wilmington, Ohio, visited 442 of our nation's 498 train stations while traveling on 21,485 unduplicated miles of train track during a single month in 1984.





OPEN LETTER TO THE CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF GOD

Long, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away, I put this magazine together. Seven months again Ohio, to be exact. A post-cryogenics Walt Disney, acting as an agent of THE MAN, kidnapped the originals until the proper ransom was handed over: a telephone call from Rev. John Xerxes the god. We dwell within walls.

Much of this is dated and the general effect is not exactly cohesive. It's all here though. I should write in pencil, so it can be erased but not photocopied. Like the Village Voice says, "(We will) wrap you up and drag you into a world where what came before is god, the only enemy is innovation. Brilliant..."

Mr Maddox has a similar note to his add to his story "Discipline": "I wrote this story a long, long time ago. As an unfortunate consequence, it contains some really absurd phrases like 'the huddled darkness of sleep'. I hereby disclaim all such ridiculousness. I hope you enjoy the story anyway, and if not, well then fuck you! I'm RICH and I have BEER! Go write your own story, you dirty no good two-bit punk degenerate." Maddox is currently a pill freak and premier analyst of American popular culture. He is responsible for what can only be referred to as medical imagery floating around in the editor's head.

In the next few months, I will be publishing several action-orientated (illegal) zines through another address and under another name. Write if you're interested or keep an eye out in the Jan., Feb., and Mar., issue of MRR or Factsheet Five or get them through Rev. Xerxes. They'll be cheap or free.

One last dateline: NEWARK - A gang of nine year old kids steals cars for kicks. They need phonebooks to see over the dashboard. When their joyride is over, they smash into police cars and cut the scene.

FREAK POWER,

DAVID FONT
200 SE 15 RD #16-D
MIAMI, FL 33129 USFUCKINA

page layout
rev xerxes

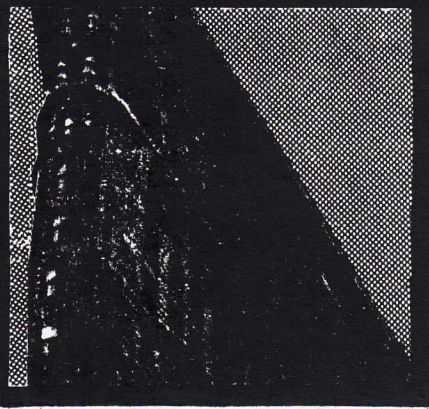
photo at top of
mr font on a typical
afternoon when he
forgets to take his
medication. pills, man.

SHOOTED

THE



A SHORT STORY BY - SCOTT NEWHOUSE
ILLUSTRATED BY - OMAR ANGULO



I AM THE JUDGE, I AM THE JURY.
 YOU PUT YOUR LIFE IN MY HANDS
 WHENEVER YOU WALK BELOW MY PERCH.
 I CAN DECIDE YOUR FATE AND MY OWN
 IN ONE GRACEFUL MOTION.
 BUT I CAN ONLY KILL ONCE. TWO
 LIVES WILL BE TAKEN IN ONE LEAP.
 THE SECOND BEING MY OWN.
 BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY
 THE
 FIRST
 BEING
 YOURS.

I cannot crush you without
crushing myself. So there-
fore I must be cautious and
I must choose my first and last
victim wisely.

You deserve to die, you
have sinned. But I too have
sinned merely in the thought
of killing you.



I have considered taking your

life many times and yet you

still do not fear me. But

then again you cannot

fear what you cannot

hear, sense or feel.

But now the time has come



S
E
N
S
E
F
E
E
L

...AND I HAVE MADE MY CHOICE



OUR FATE HAS BEEN SEALED.



I STRETCH OUT MY PREVIOUSLY LIFELESS
ARMS AND THRUST MY ENTIRE BEING
OUTWARD. I RUSH TOWARDS THE EARTH.



BUT YOUR BODY DOES NOT CUSHION MY
FALL, BECAUSE ALL OF YOUR EVIL, ALL OF
YOUR HATE STILL DOES NOT GIVE ME THE
POWER TO DETERMINE YOUR FATE. AND I
HAVE PAID THE PRICE SIMPLY FOR THE
THOUGHT WITH MY OWN LIFE. THE END



PUNK KEINE SCHÖNEH

"Drawings on Walls" by Ø.



Consider this an illustrated how-to
essay on art in the modern city;
Billboard are easy prey.



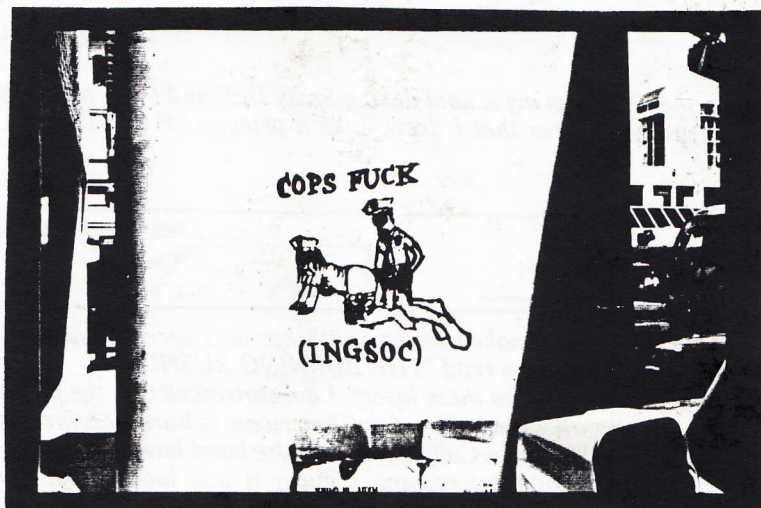
DON'T NO BEAUTY W

EIT OHNE GEFAR ROCK



96 Brickell Ave. at 18St.

GKS



S.W. 1 ave. Downtown Miami

I watched a city employee destroy
this 1 w/ a gas mask, chemicals, and
fancy bushes.

ITHOUT DANGER

STOP.



The "UNKINDEST"

All

Born

"Jesus gets on my nerves. No, I take that back, it's kind of like with Ozzy, it's the fans that bug me."

-Joe Franke

"It's one of these eerie coincidences. We met each other and we all had this weird fascination with religious . . . crap. Crucifixes, pictures of young Jesus pointing to his heart, Mary nursing a young Christ . . ."

-Christina Brown

"I used to go to the library at my school during Study Hall and try to make xeroxes of these really funny pictures that I drew. Like a priest with a skull for a head jerking off."

-Adam Nathanson

Mine was more Biblical: a naked woman with her legs spread and her whole crotch in flames. The inscription read "THE BURNING BUSH".

From Madonna to Nick Cave to these losers, I am convinced that the prevalence of Christian imagery in all forms of modern American culture deserves further examination. I saw a t-shirt from a California hardcore band have a tiny little cross under their logo-for no apparent reason. I guess it just looks nice. My own fixations beg for scrutiny . . . if we can just stay on the subject long enough.

Believe it or not, it can be hard to get the losers to talk. At one point, Christina looked at me in a pitying, compassionate way and said, "You're trying very hard aren't you?"

Also note: 1) a Star Wars theme, coinciding with watching all three Star Wars movies in one day, approximately one month before 2) watching Empire Strikes Back and Return of the Jedi in Washington, DC mere days before this interview was conducted, and 3) the fact that I saw an image of a crucified man in between the bathroom tiles while taking a shower at the McPheeters, Brown, and Nathanson household.



again \$10

Slave D'S RD

For God so loved the world
that He sent His only begotten Son, who
lives in us, to give us eternal life in Him who
perishes, but have everlasting life.

God	The Lord
So Loved	The Father
The World	The Son
That He Came	The Holy Spirit
His Only Begotten Son	The Church
That Whosoever	The Kingdom
Believe	The Gospel
A Man	The Church
Should Not Perish	The Church
But	The Church
Live	The Church

Him!

Plus!

DVE



Watercolor by Ulf Rahmberg

JABBA, COMMIES, POPES, AND THE SARLAC PIT



miserable and angry. A lot of the stuff I do is sort of a sacrilege to that part of my upbringing. I was wondering if that's where you all are coming from.

CB: Well, it was much more laid back than that-

AN: For *you* two. The difference is that when we all met, they had all this religious . . . paraphernalia and I had all this religious paraphernalia, my Jesus candle had the eyes blacked out. I put a putty mask over the eyes of my Jesus statue. Or I would break the arms of something. Or I would do what Daryl from Citizens Arrest did when he gave us that Mary statue- he stuck a nail in it and splattered all this red paint over it. Like they said, they were more laid back about it. They were just into having it, and it was all garish-

CB: Yeah, I like the tackiness of it. What's also cool about it is how frightening a lot of this stuff is. Like this one is really fucked up-

[At this point, I very casually leaned back and put my right hand right in Omar's plate of peanut butter.]

DF: Aaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiggghhhhh!!!!!!!

OMAR ANGULO: That's my dinner!

AN: Huh huh huh huh huh huh.

CB: See, look at THIS one! [Insert corpse-like visage of Christ].

AN: That looks like a Celtic Frost record.

CB: That was bought at a religious bookstore. That one over THERE is from a monastery in Greece, and that's so sick! Blood spurting out and the angel with cup is ready to catch it . . .

AN: I'm into a lot of religious stuff because I think it's so funny. This is the way I look at it: You know in "A Clockwork Orange", when Malcolm McDowell is in jail? He's says, "I was getting really into the Bible, reading it every day," and all these priests are

DAVID FONT: I know you two [Christina and Sam] went to a Catholic school.

CHRISTINA BROWN: Well, it wasn't exactly Catholic- it was Christian. Well, we had nuns. Old, frightening nuns.

DF: What do you *mean*, "We had nuns?"

SAM McPHEETERS: I *had* nuns.

ADAM NATHANSON: Huh huh huh.

SM: Who was the least attractive nun?

CB: Sister Mary Mc_____ who would have hot flashes in science class and unbutton her blouse down to a very seductive level. Whoooh!

SM: [unintelligible] . . . Jabba the Hutt.

DF: Well, I went to a Jesuit school for a long time. You know, I was

patting him on the back. And he goes, "I imagined myself as Pontius Pilate, whipping Jesus." So he was reading the Bible to get all these vicarious thrills about destroying Christianity, and that's why I was into pictures like THAT. Jesus on a cross, bleeding-that's Christianity up there, and I hate it.

SM: It's just got a lot of style . . . That's why X is the fuckin best band ever. It's cuz they just had fuckin style. They have all this religious stuff on their records, and the imagery of it's just really cool.

AN: They got most of it from Born Against "Nine Patriotic Hymns". If you look closely, they ripped off "Under the Big Black Sun" s lyric sheet from Born Against.

SM: It's like you read our fuckin lyrics- Vic Bondi. Articles of Faith! Fwoom!

AN: "The Good Father"? Fwoom! "Give Thanks".

CB: No shame- Vic just fuckin does it, and nobody calls him on it.

DF: I'm also interested in the fact that your anti-religious sentiment is always directed at Christianity. Most of the religious world is not Christian.

AN: That's the religion I hate the most.

CB: That's true, but that's interesting because you'll find that this is the stuff that's most readily available. Catholicism is great because it's got all these sick icons-

SM: It's fuckin terrifying.

AN: It's disgusting.

CB: A Protestant bookstore won't have anything cool in it, but if you go into a Catholic bookstore-

SM: You'll get the shit scared out of you!

CB: Or if you go into an Eastern Orthodox store like I did in Chicago, or a Santeria store . . .

DF: I could take you on a tour back home . . . But where do you think that comes from? Why is there so much gore?

CB: I don't know!

SM: Because the Pope is the

Anti-Christ. If you read anything, you know in a second that it says in the Bible-

AN: If you read Nosferadramus, this is what he says: He took the Divining Rod into the Bermuda Triangle and he saw a light at the end of the tunnel, and at the end of the tunnel there was a message, and the message said, "In a thousand years, there will be a great



Omar receiving First Communion

war between two great countries." *That's Russia and the fuckin United States!*

SM: It's obviously Iran and Iraq . . .

AN: Israel has an army of 500,000 pack mules just waiting to go over the border into Greece.

SM: And the next thing you know, Saddam Hussein is going to be riding the Pope into Connecticut on a tank limo. And where's your fanzine gonna be then, you fuckin Commie? One of the best things I saw (ever, in my whole life, besides the Challenger



Ashtray

explosion, which we were talking about earlier) was this place called Sanctuario in New Mexico.

AN: [Whiggle, whiggle].

DF: *Hwuaaaaah!*

SM: What?

AN: My tongue.

SM: Oh. And everyone speaks Spanish there, and you go in the back room where there're all these crutches on the walls. It's all the crutches of people who walked in with them and walked out healed. There's this big

room, and there were Jesus' feet at the bottom of the cross, and there's blood pouring down it. Then there's Mary just weeping and sobbing. It's fuckin terrifying. Then in the room next to it there's the Endless Pit of Sand, which is another miracle.

DF: Like the Sarlac Pit in "Return of the Jedi".

SM: Yes, very much like that.

CARNAGE, HUMILITY, AND A "PREPARE TO MEET THY MAKER" SIGN ON THE BATHROOM DOOR



DF: Is it inverting a lot of the things you've been implanted with?

SM: It's because I saw my father naked in the bathtub.

OA: Did he look like Jesus?

AN: Yeah, his dad really does look la lot ike Jesus.

SM: Here's a question: Jesus was

Jewish. I guess he would have to be a Christian also, right? *Is he circumcized?*

AN: Wow, that's amazing.

DF: Tomas, who you know and love, has a little picture of Ronald McDonald in a frame, which he says is his Satan. Does this religious . . . crap have that

same significance to you, something that reminds you of the things you hate?

SM: Well, it's like when Jesus used to go to Embrace shows and stage dive naked. It's like that.

AN: Whoah.

DF: Jesus!

CB: Ummmmm . . .

SM: It's good imagery. It's fuckin X.

CB: I don't know, because when I buy these things I don't think to myself, "Aw, this is the embodiment of everything I detest and hate and scorn."

DF: So is there a part of it that's an attraction to the imagery?

CB: I'd say that's part of the motivation in some ways . . . It's neat. It's cool . . . I don't really think about it.

SM: Part of it is that so many people believe so much bullshit. When you get involved in vegetarianism and animal rights issues, it gets so overwhelming that such a huge portion of society is part of this structure where everyone kills and devours and tortures billions of animals. *This* is something that a huge portion of society believes in, but this is something that you can laugh at. You can laugh at the fact that so many people are into Jesus.

DF: No, because I can't laugh at the Crusades, the Inquisition, I can't laugh at the conquest of the Americas- [Everybody joins in.]

CB: You can't laugh about anti-abortion. There's a lot of sick, fucked up things tied into that.

SM: Alright, but what we have here on the wall . . .

CB: I think it's *amusing*. This wonderful thing, God, can be reduced down to a plastic, glow-in-the-dark crucifix. They can reduce something that's supposed to be so meaningful and so powerful in their lives, to something that's so trivial.

AN: And not see the contradiction.

CB: I've never understood why they say you can't worship idols. You can't make graven images. Churches are *filled* with images of Christ!



Above: Adam and crotch.

Below: Brent, new bass.



SM: And really cool ones! Really fuckin gory ones, with guts!

AN: I'd imagine it would be like Islam, where you can't even depict humans inside the church.

CB: I think what I missed out on was having big scary crucifixes everywhere. Religion should be something that should humble you and make you feel like, "Oh my God! Everything's so vast and huge and



inexplicable." I think maybe I missed out on having all those scary things around. Instead it was just this bland, Middle American thing.

DF: It looks like you missed out on that forever.

CB: I don't know, maybe it's my way of compensating- collecting all these . . . things.

[Talk about Mormons.]

SM: Another fucking GO! seven inch.

Well, I do have one icon in this house that I-

DF: The Boss Hog doll!

SM: No. It's about THIS high, and it's a seat, and I feed it twice a day, and it ingests my food-

CB: And it makes a flushy sound!

SM: That is my god.

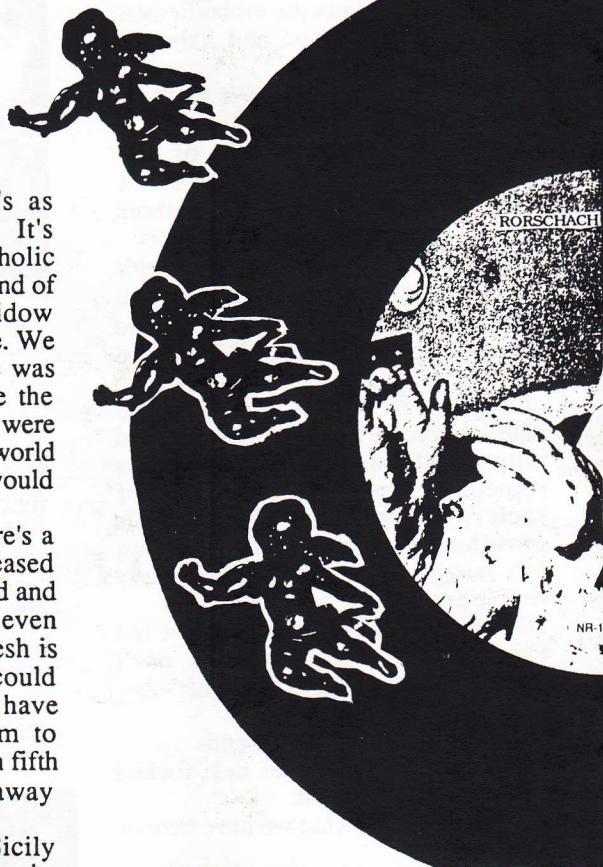
AN: And no one can go in the shrine for ten minutes after he's done.

SICILY

N: I lived in Sicily, and that's as Roman Catholic as you get. It's probably the most Roman Catholic country in the world. If the husband of a Sicilian woman dies, the widow wears black for the rest of her life. We lived near a church where there was supposed to be a miracle where the picture of Mary would cry. There were people coming from all over the world to see the picture of Mary that would cry.

We went to Palermo, and there's a church there where all the deceased members of the church are stuffed and hung on the wall. They don't even embalm them, because all the flesh is decaying off their faces. You could just go in there and see it- I have postcards of it. I brought them to school here in the United States in fifth grade, and I had them taken away from me.

There was another city in Sicily where they had an earthquake in medieval times, and the entire city collapsed in on itself. It was called Noto. The only people that live there still are priests and monks, in a monastery. Every once in a while they get a skeleton or just a skull out of the rubble, and they had racks of human skulls that they would find while walking through the ruins. It looked just like those racks of skulls in Campuchea.



S: On the Rorschach side of the Rorschach picture of a nun with blood pouring out all-night post office in Manhattan, and I always- to express mail this package to Tennessee. I just wanted to check everything boards with the little labels pasted on them, look quite right- it looked a little dark in place there was a perfect outline of her blood in it. Nothing else had bled through . . . so I quit it to Nashville.

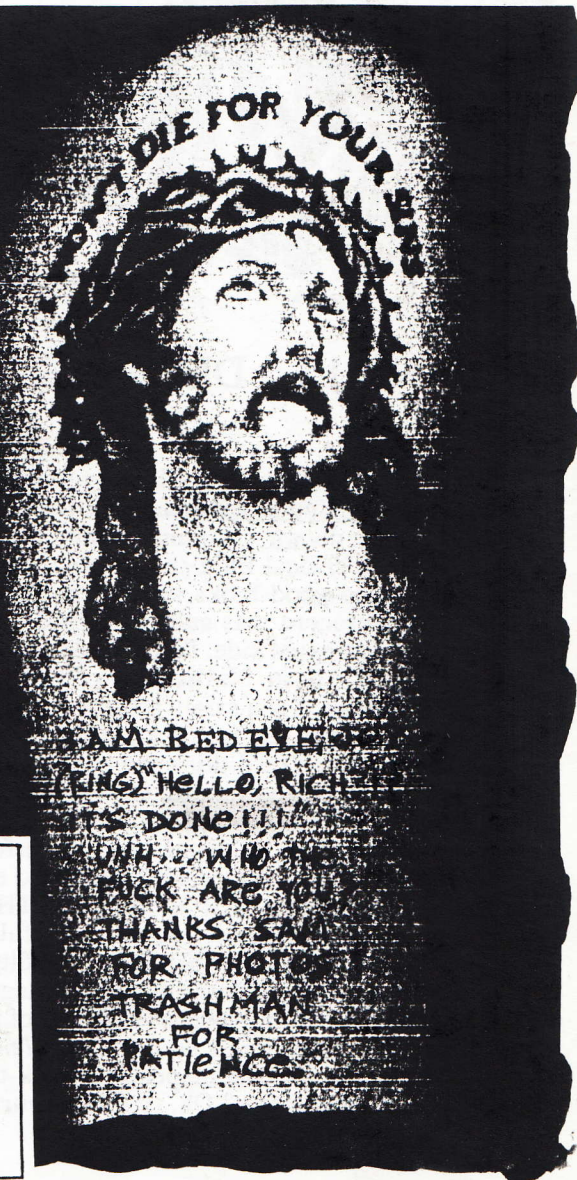
S: The ultimate irony is that on my death bed, when I'm wracked with convulsions and I've got the shits and I can't even think straight anymore and I've no control over my bowels or any of my other organs, I'll probably be so fuckin shit scared I'll probably convert to Christianity, just like every other fuckin sap does on their death bed. I'll get to Heaven, and they'll say, "Okay, you repented! You've accepted Jesus as your personal Lord and Saviour!" I'll walk to the Pearly Gates. Everyone I'll meet will look at my arm with my Jesus tattoo on it and say, "How the fuck did you get in here with that tattoo?!" I'll say, "I repented! I accepted Jesus as my personal Lord and Saviour."

Thank you.

Thank you very much.



3654-1



Neanderthal split seven inch, there's a of her eyes and stuff . . . There's an vas there at three in the morning -like he record pressing plant in Nashville, g over one last time, so I pulled out the for the record. The Rorscach side didn't ices. I peeled up the tracing paper, and k. It had bled through the tracing paper. kly put it back in the envelope and sent



IN DEFENSE OF HENRY

Yeah. So what if **Henry Rollins** is modeling shopping-mall clothes in slick fashion mags (Rolling Stone included)? Go ahead and laugh at THE MAN . . . but do *not* -I repeat, do not - call him a "sell-out". He won't compromise, ever. About anything. These critical little snots have the gall to pretend there was never any cosmetic, rugged-good-looks sex appeal before that irresistible "Hard Volume" cover. His next record was called "Turned On". **Chuck** said, "If I leaned more toward my homosexual side, I'd probably be very attracted to him." Of course, he was speaking of **Adam Nathanson** of **Born Against** at the time. The point is, sex is all-pervasive. I can safely assume that the same is true for most of his ultra-devoted fans (short for fanatics), whether they are conscious of this or not. Dignified groupies. You'd think the hardcore purists so disturbed by the sight of their hard-line, integrity-minded, ex-**Black Flag** vox man in a fashion magazine were afraid of THE MAN's sex appeal. In my mind, there's no need to be afraid; Henry Rollins' sexual influence is a wonderful, constructive thing. There are so many macho hardcore males who are free to express the homoerotic side of their sexuality only through their adoration of THE MAN. (Insert tattooed phallus). Rollins' liberating sexuality is also helpful to the female hardcore minions, desperate for some vent for their DIY sexuality . . . uh, sorry about that. I've heard of a certain lady disc-jockey at the local college radio station who makes a point of playing "Slip It In" during every single one of her shows, always adding something suggestive like, "*This one's by my man Henry . . . It's called 'Slip It In' Yeah, baby!*" Who else are we supposed to look to for models of sexual desire? **Ian Mackaye**? **Jello Biafra**? Ok, so **Paul Bearer**'s an exception. All I'm saying is, Don't hate him for being beautiful.

homeless wipeout

BONE-CHILLING
COLD, BLEAK,
DARK, DREARY
DAYS...

AT

BURGER
KING

Paul, she said. Oh Pa
poor mother - on Paul.
they churched together
some lawyers and psycho
You'll get out clean

PAUL



WEINMAN

Yes,
no
blac
to n
Still
no behemoth to be my meaning for this life.

Until, b
I saw m
Yes...
Oh, it w
parked
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But it w
striped

I love Paul Weinman. His writing is incredible, insane and very real. A heavy motherfucker with a serious sense of humor (if you know what I mean). Paul distributes his work as zines and pamphlets to zine editors and readers for free: completely independent, unrestricted, and damn resourceful. "Oh! my hero..." (Swatting of the eyelids and rolling of the eyeballs; collapse in dead faint; he catches my limp body and carries me off to bed; I wake up with the sun). I get an envelope with his stuff in it and slobber like a Pavlovian dog. There's no one I'd rather give space to. The Supreme Tip: check out Paul Weinman. I love Paul Weinman...

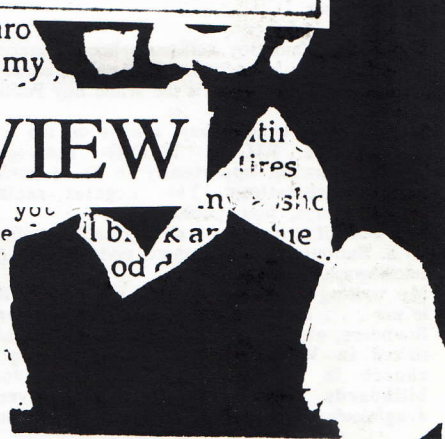
ng look u
s. hands
man carefully
ar's centerfold.

I s
Th
m
When we meet
to take them out
for their 51st
mom is so pleas
her beautiful b
are all there
and we signal
to each not to
mention one isn't.
I love you all
she smiles and
dad nods, not
hearing.

light, yes I do
mine I swore
d into my

INTERVIEW

rkcase oil, the oil you
ver our bodies as we
and slid - our skin
to form this fetus
ne in a bottle - we
ing to Bethlehem!
ng a camel to Chris
ng on a cloud to G
sing your fucking



guilt!



[Since he is a writer, I broke my own rule and did this interview in written form through the mail.]

YO DAVID! Saw some good stuff of yours in . . . darn, forgot the name.

Biographical note:

I grew up poor. Clothing was all passed down and around. You asked me what kind of underwear I "wear"- none! As a kid, much of that came from the Salvation Army- one time my mother brought home a batch- one pair in my allotment had shit-stains- that was it for underwear! The last book I read- Angel Park All-Stars- a juvenile baseball novel- my favorite and, for years, my only reading matter. Food . . . cottage cheese and bananas, metaxa, beer.

A lot of the White Boy stuff has political references: statistics, partisan politicians, and the politics of racism are themes. What exactly is the White Boy Political Agenda?

White Boy is a good boy, always on the trail toward the **RIGHT THING**- individual freedom, justice, opportunity to be at her/his highest aspirations. This negates racism, sexism, drugs, homophobia, etc.

How much of your writing is directly autobiographical? (W.S. Burroughs, among others, says all writing is autobiographical).

My writing autobiographical -yes- White Boy is me . . . a bumbling do-gooder who always flounders, always does odd things like walking naked in Veteran's Day parades, going to church in a clown suit, chopping down billboards. I'm a sometimes recovered drug/alcohol addict- been jailed 12 times; once

for first degree grand larceny (7.5-15 years) for stealing a Greyhound Bus. I got off by plea bargaining to temporary social insanity and agreeing to 3 months in a mental asylum where I was given 42 electric shock treatments, escaped, captured and returned -much like in "One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest"- lobotomy was "mentioned" to me. The book Just Because I Didn't Leave the Driving to Us, I Got Jailed

and Juiced Good came out of that. Ugly Man's Buttocks Freeze was about time I stayed in a homeless shelter to relieve some of my days as an alcoholic on the streets. Parents Say Nuts to Leftovers concerns my parents' early Alzheimer's disease. Hardball Ain't All Bucolic about a baseball team of convicts I pitched for. My Sister's Underwear concerns war, insanity, and guess what? Hair There-incest, what else? Yes, lots of my work is autobiographical. Read Suck My Cock, White Boy.

Speaking of Burroughs, you seem to use cut-ups (verbal montage) in most of your books (Ugly Man's Buttocks Freeze Instantly Eyed). How extensive is this? Am I correct in saying so, or is that a writing style? How and what do you cut-up? Is it mere coincidence that Burroughs and White Boy have the same initials?

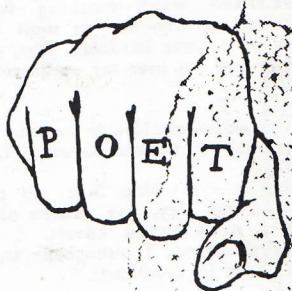
Speaking of Burroughs, I never read anything of his- tho saw him in that recent drug movie. Yes, it is interesting that his initials are WB- no connection, tho. The cut-ups no connection to his that you mentioned. Like I said, I never read him. I've used them from newspapers -obviously I didn't invent it, but I don't know whose I would have been influenced by- they're very common. I think the posters used by Alfred Jarry in his Pere Ubu plays, and Bertolt Brecht's similar use are probably the source for me.

How are your books and pamphlets assembled, distributed? I've seen MANY different addresses and publishers on your stuff.

My books are all done by whatever publisher is listed in the book. I send manuscripts all around. Won the New York State Fellowship in Poetry a few years ago. The White Boy pamphlets (there're over 50 different ones) I do myself for zine distribution. Over 80,000 have been made/distributed. Overseas- Japan, Australia, Greece, France, England, Peru, Finland, Scotland. Regular poetry books have been published in Canada, Finland, and England.

Do you give readings or other kinds of performances? In general, what do you think of these?

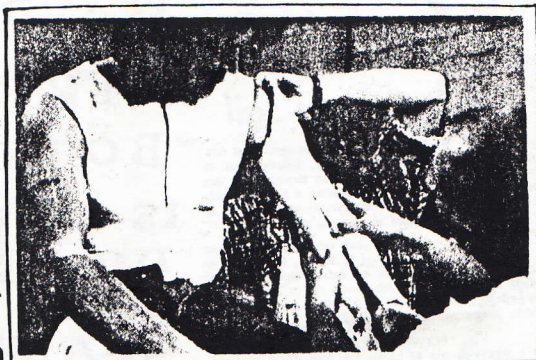
Yes, I give readings- they're shouted rants. I usually wear a short pink skirt, blonde wig and a t-top with badminton birdies sewn on to simulate breasts. Recently I've been doing performances of "Barbie's Revenge". It's violently funny. I think most readings SUCK. Most poets don't now shit about relating to/entertaining an audience. They get so wrapped in their own ego crap, it's nauseating. Poetry readings should be raucous! Fun! Outlandish! Not like going to some fucking church!



**WHITE BOY CREAMS IN HIS PANTS
WHenever HE SEES THESE HAPPEN**

1. Marlboro Man doing spincter sex with the lit end of his cigarette
2. Michael Jackson tied up in an Eskimo's snowmobile as he's corpholed by a walrus
3. Madonna doing her 8-hr day in Harlem's East Side Day Care Center for Homeless
4. Varina White on Bedpan Duty at Bellevue Hospital
5. Rohrry Reagan in his TGIF as Questions? line agent at Welfare Office

A thin priest blesses wafers asks all who wish to receive the Lord's precious body and blood please stand. The man opposite me still picks nervously at his sweater only his eyes see the lice so small so many and often that no matter how quick his yellowed fingertips clip, brush, pinch at little things eager to eat of his wrinkled skin. A few of us stand for that pasta crisp at first, then soft in melt as that man opposite falls to floor thrashes, yelling wildly about how he's being eaten alive.



Influential books, writers, or experiences?

Influences- Alfred Jarry, Samuel Beckett, no poets- ever. Influential experiences- getting laid (every time), becoming a born-again christian, becoming a dead again christian, jail (every time), detox (every time), pitching winning games of ball.

Doesn't it seem really dangerous to give your name and home address out so freely? Is it a matter of trust, or do you deliberately forgo a PO box?

Dangerous to give my name and address . . . ?

Dangerous for who? I thought, after the flag-burning business was a national TV and newspaper bit, I got lots of kid you burn you out calls. All my tires were slashed, tough mail, even a box of very nice shit. I'm not scared of threats and/or confrontations. I LOVE IT.

Most people are introduced to you through music zines. What are your feelings on the network? Why do you choose it, as opposed to a more literature-oriented scene? The zine scene is GREAT- the best, most open, honest, sharing people!! If it weren't for people like you, White Boy would be nothing but a hard-on in the woods. I have been and am in the literary scene (which started out a lot like the zines)- in fact, SUNY Buffalo University Library of American Poetry is taking all my writing for archives. All handwritten notes, 1st drafts of work, letters, published stuff is all going into a special collection. The letter you sent me will be catalogued, put between acid-free paper, preserved until the bomb hits. It makes me feel like I'm dead already. Like in the State Museum where I work- they made my body into two of the Indian statues. Look at the

photo in this brochure I'm enclosing- that's me being made into an exhibit statue. Weird.

What kinds of music, if any, do you usually listen to? **HARDCORE-** went mashing to Suicidal Tendencies recently- they're most metal now, but still have some hardcore. Boy, did I get a black eye and cut over my eyebrow- blood was **FLYING**.

On the creative process: How do you write (physically)? How often do you sit down to write? Typewriter or script? **no**

I handwrite everything first- get up at 5:30 every morning. Hey, I've written almost 3,000 poems, 3 unpublished novels, 4 full-length plays (2 produced, 1 published) and a dozen one-act plays (5 produced).

What do you dream about?

What do I dream about? Being a major league pitcher- pitch modified fast-pitch softball for 3 teams. Won 21 games last summer. Also dream of women- love 'em.

Bibliographical note:

I do have a bibliography up to a few years ago. White Boy got too much to keep track of- but, man, I've had like 2,400 poems published . . . over 400 White Boys have been used over 4,000 times. I mean, that's a lot of SHIT. Chapbooks- 25. I've sent some that I have copies of- if you mention or list them [Just get them all -ed.], I'll send any anybody wants **FREE** with a couple of stamps/enough stamps to cover the fuckers. THANKS TO ALL U **ZINE PEOPLE- I LOVE YA.**

Paul Weinman loves me.

Bus Tour Ends at County Jail

A state employee, who apparently decided to do the driving himself with one of Greyhound's \$55,000 buses, allegedly took an unscheduled run around Albany early Tuesday and is in Albany County jail awaiting a hearing Friday on charges of criminal possession of stolen property.

Paul L. Weinman, 31, of Mohr Road, Glenmont, was taken into custody by Albany police shortly after he allegedly abandoned the bus near the Duke Hotel in Washington Park.

He listed his occupation as a supervisor in the State Education Department.

THE INCIDENT BEGAN about 4:30 a.m. when a cab driver driving over Quail Street noticed the Greyhound, traveling north on Quail, make a right turn into Elberon Place- not a franchised route for a Greyhound.

The cab driver, believing the bus driver had lost his way, followed and attempted to steer him straight. The bus, he said, while making a turn into Lake Avenue, struck several parked cars, and continued on into the park.

The cab driver said he passed the bus and attempted to stop it, but the driver waved him on before the bus stopped near the lake house and at least two people got out of the vehicle and ran.

HE HAD SUMMONED police over the cab phone and described the driver of the bus as having long hair and a mustache. Weinman, who has long hair and a mustache, was picked up a short time later at the park, police said.

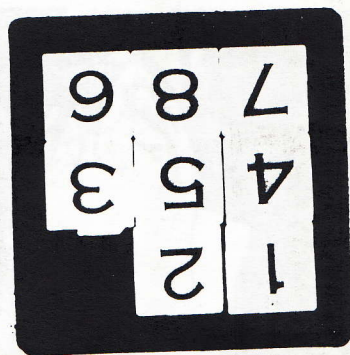
The bus was taken from behind the Greyhound terminal at 350 Broadway, between 3:45 and 4:10 a.m., bus officials said.

A
**FREE
BOOKLET
IS ENCLOSED.
DO NOT TAKE
HIM FOR
GRANTED...**

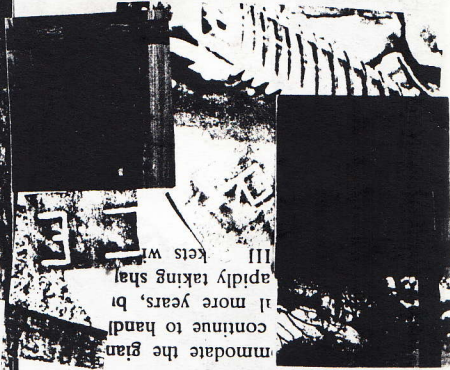
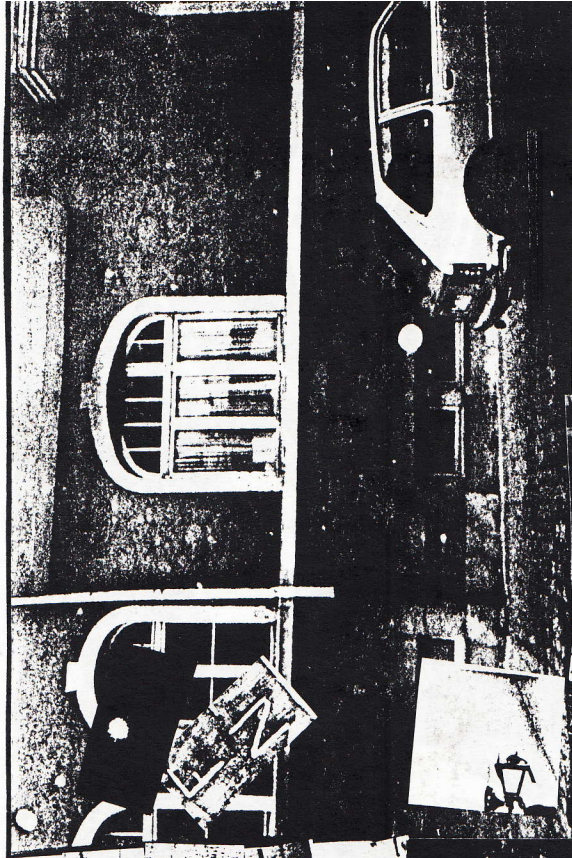
Paul Weinman
79 Cottage Ave.
Albany, NY 12203

Zany Parolee jumps **On BLOOD**

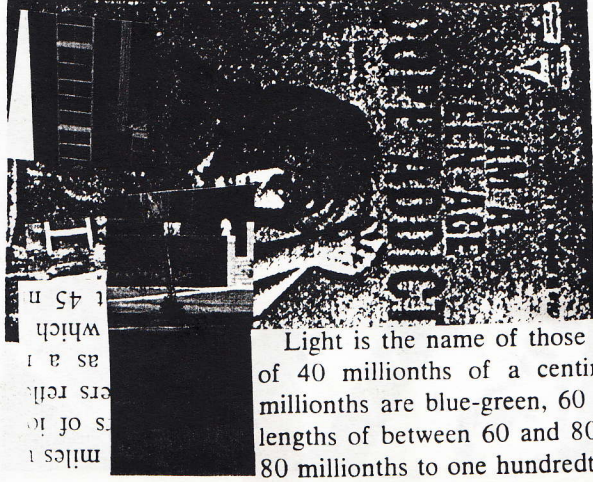
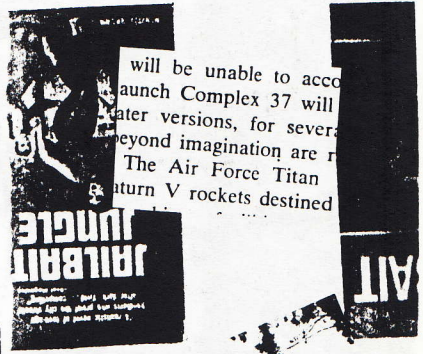


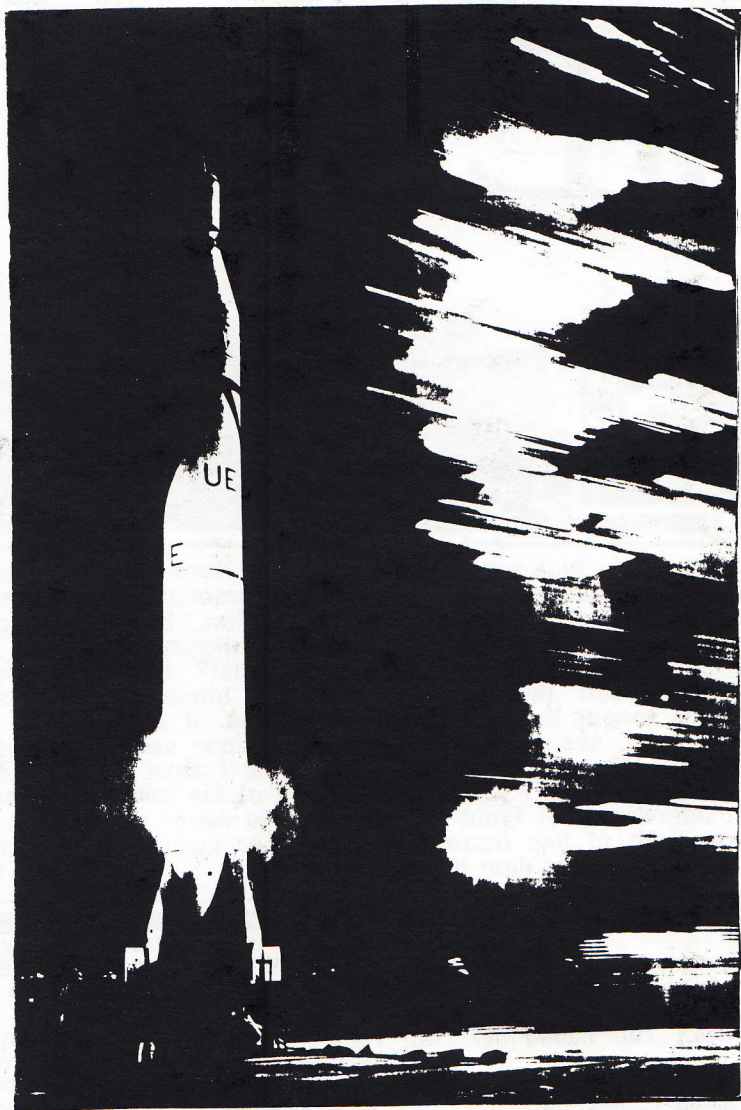


—and X- and gamma



nth of a centimeter
than one millionth
are longer





JELLO



Cartoon-voiced, high-profile former Dead Kennedys lead singer; long-time inspirational public figure; and premium disseminator of "underground" entertainment and information, Biafra was caught between breaths after a 3.5 hour, Halloween spoken word performance. Is he a politician? An artist? Both? Is there a conflict between the agenda and the humanity? He signed autographs longer than he would talk to me. If the medium is the message- well, see question 2. If the questions seem unnecessarily aggressive, I can only say that I asked what I most wanted to know in the five questions I asked. At the end of his talk he barked out, "Okay, interview guy! Front and center!" He never wrote back about the first draft of this transcription (s.a.s.e. included). Now before the intro gets longer than the interview. . .

Flourish.

HW: How does it feel being an aging punk rock icon?

B: [Quick glance up from gathering his things.] You called me that, I didn't.

HW: Well, then how do you feel about being called that?

B: Um, it says more about you than it does about me.

B.S. (Bystander): The idea of a punk icon seems kind of stupid to begin with.

[Duh. -ed.]

B: Right, I'm not into punk nostalgia. The Dead Kennedys are not going to reform. I think the other members

of the band are unanimously against that. We all want to do other stuff. HW: I was thinking more of the figurehead aspect of it.

B: I don't consider myself a figurehead at all. I mean, all I see when I wake up is someone who's way behind in what they need to get done.

HW: How do you explain appearing in such laughable media as Oprah and MTV?

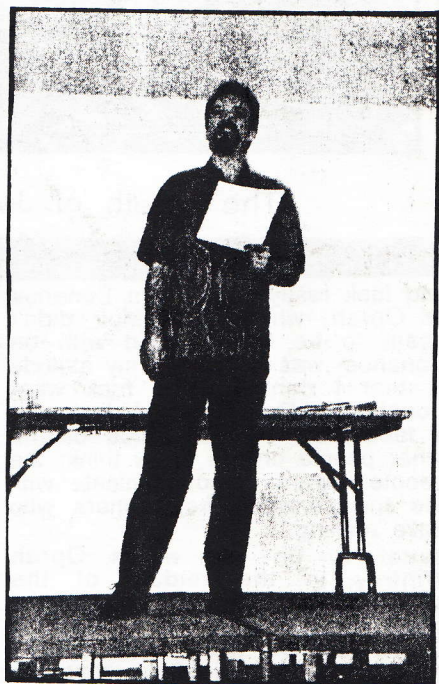
B: I am not against subverting straight media to try and get a certain view across, which someone might not get unless I was there to do it. The reason I dress up

BIAFRA

LONG-LOST FATHER AND SON?

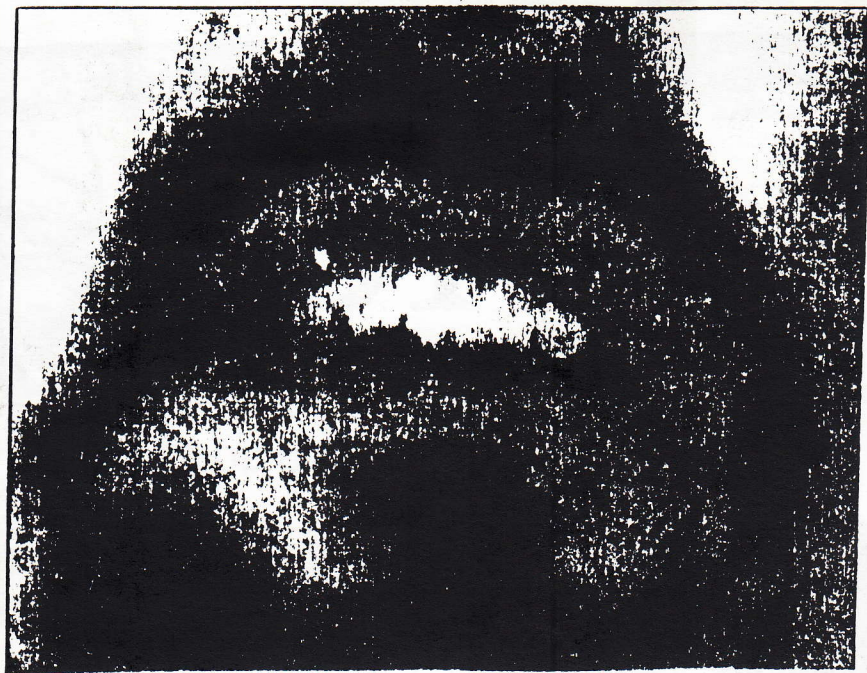


Ho Chi Minh



Jello

'Which one is Bonzo, dad?'



The mouth of Jello Biafra, life-size.

and look really straight on Donahue or Oprah -which Mike Muir didn't seem to be too pleased with on Donahue- was . . . Well, my attitude is that I don't give a fuck what Donahue or Oprah think, I don't give a fuck what that audience or the other people on the show think: the people I want to communicate with are the parents -the mothers who have nothing

better to do but watch Oprah Winfrey in the middle of the afternoon. They're the ones who could fall for the PMRC or Back in Control and put their kids in mental homes. If not being so scary to them

and looking like one of their own kids might dissuade them from putting their kid away, well . . . If one of those kids doesn't end up at some place like Provo Canyon, then at least I'm getting something done.

HW: What cliché are you most afraid of becoming?

B: [Confused, somewhat disgusted grimace.] I would say the same people who reform their band for the last-ever shows. Bands who sang bad songs in their heyday about how bad the good ole' days were, wanting to go back to the good ole' days. You know, I do different kinds of music -Lard, the thing with DOA, Tumor Circus (which was with the Steelpole Bathtub people - and they all sound different from each other. I just want to make things that, in my book, are more and more extreme, rather than mellow out or play it safe on the punk nostalgia treadmill, which is totally the opposite of everything punk used to stand for.

HW: What kind of music are you listening to these days?

What is "sado-masochism on a stick"?



read Dead Kennedys lyrics. Exciting.

B: It depends on the day. Sometimes it'll be old compilations of 50's trash rock-a-billy or R&B, or maybe the next day it'll be all noisier bands like the God Bullies or the Cows or Head of David or Ministry or one of those, and maybe the next day it'll be something psychedelic. It changes every day. I like a lot of Japanese noise bands, too. The only one that's come out in this country is the Boredoms album on Shimmy-Disk. If you're tired of people that claim they're extreme but aren't, go get the Boredoms album.

HW: Last question: Are you a vegetarian?

B: That is none of your business!

HW: Ok! Thanks for the interview . . .

PO Box 11458/ San Francisco, CA/
94101.

'Mister! Why is the w

ANTI PROTEST

I don't think I want to be a zealot. Obviously, I sympathize with the anti-religious fanatics much more than religious fanatics, but I am neither: my grievance with both sides is that an issue, whether it be "spirituality", music, food, or anything else, is not something that other people can judge. I don't pass judgment on other people's spiritual matters any more than I accept judgment on my own spiritual matters. Like Colonel Kurtz says, "It's judgment that kills us." If you don't like it, don't listen to it- there is nothing inherently wrong with an idea. At least nothing any better or worse than what someone else might have to offer. There is no way to rank the validity of one idea versus another. One fights another's liberalism with conservatism- both are blind to the faults of their own doctrine and the dead-end stupidity of the fight. They have something to prove, someone they want to make believe them. Beware of those who have something to sell- we tend only sell the things we can't use ourselves.

The protester has a very heavy burden to carry- it's a matter of constantly and deliberately being at odds with people. And haven't you noticed that people never listen to you in the middle of a fight? It's impossible to change opinions once the battle lines have been drawn. Offending people's sensibilities is a dangerous thing. The field of vision narrows instantly; the focus often blurs.

I don't believe in deliberate violent confrontation; physical, verbal, or otherwise. Pretty pacifistic of me, isn't it? Wooooooooohhhh...

I don't believe in counter-brainwashing or deliberate counter-offense. People should be capable of filtering input themselves and deciding what they want to believe. They should be responsible for and to their environment. And maybe they're not. Maybe they just regurgitate whatever fucked upness they're fed. This is getting into metaphysical and consciousness philosophy, but I feel obligated to give humanity the benefit of the doubt. It's almost unbearable to think of people as the mechanisms my "rational" intellect is convinced they are. This is my weakness- I give them the benefit of the doubt, like extending my hand to the cut-throat. I assume humanity can handle whatever idea happens to be floating around.

Humanity has the right to be exposed to any and every idea . . . The atom bomb proves me wrong. And racism. And sexism. And Ispecieism. And every other sort of prejudicial, institutionalized violence that ever existed. Yes. Now I have to resort to believing that I am simply not the one to decide what people can handle. I would give them pornography, give them religion, give them their drugs, give them Robert Mapplethorpe, give them Mein Kampf, give them guns. . . These things are incidental. Let them decide for themselves. If they can't, then it was all just programming anyway. I am not the one to censor; I am not the one to control; I am not the one to protest (I want to defend, not plead); and I am not the programmer.

People have no right to judge each other- privacy and respect are of the utmost importance.

I would have given you the atom bomb.

of . . . and that . . . black, who appeared to be in his early 20s, had his throat slit with a three-inch knife.

ROMANIA

Husband returns from his own grave

BUCHAREST — A Romanian woman fainted when she opened her front door in Bucharest to see her husband back from the grave — three days after he was buried.

The man, identified by the Romanian weekly newspaper *Tinerama* only as Neagu, 71, had stopped breathing and collapsed in a fit of coughing after he choked on a fish-bone. A doctor said he suffered a fatal heart attack.

But three days later, gravediggers heard someone knocking on wood. They opened Neagu's coffin to find him alive.

World asleep?'



Gurgie stop it...
PUNK SHOW
Smuel ergle...

NUISANCE
FROM CALIFORNIA
Schlong

THE Methadone Actors
IN YEAR, THE GUY FROM
VODICIL
MIGHT BE THERE TO SELL RECORDS

KILLER KANE

SAT. AUGUST 3rd AROUND 6 PM. ON TOWN, THE
AT THE JUNKYARD 804 11th Street. HOPKINS
Main Room 14. 2nd FLOOR
THRU 11:15 1992. MAYBE SEE THE
SAFETY PIN THROUGH YOUR CHEEK. TO PUNK SHIT.

KILLER KANE/I HAVE WET DREAMS
ABOUT SKINHEADS

SO WHIP IT HURTS/BOOTS,BRACES,
AND A DAFFODIL

OMG/—

JOHNNT BOY BLUES/ROLLERSKATING
SKINHEADS

OFUCK YOU/I'M A SKINHEAD w/
LONG HAIR BY AGONISTIC FRONT

o THE OBLIVIONIST/OH MY LITTLE
SKINHEAD

JAM



(BURN THE EVIDENCE)

(THROW THE ROSES)

PUERTO RICO

I was recently confronted by the shameful fact that several of my most punk associates did not possess working knowledge of the most simple explosive devices (i.e. molotov cocktails, muratic acid bombs, etc.). In the spirit of powertothepeopleness and allthatisgood, I believe everyone should follow these cheap and easy steps.



MÉJICO SPASTIK GLAMOUR

Diana

HOW TO MAKE A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL: 1) Get a few glass bottles with tapered necks (regular beer bottles will do); 2) fill the bottles 2/3 full with gasoline. Note: the ideal formula is 2/3 gas and 1/3 oil, but 100% gas works great. Also, ask for a spout at the gas station or make one out of paper. Be discreet, and if anyone gets on your ass, say the gas is for a lawnmower or a remote-controlled airplane. None of this is illegal until step three; 3) stuff a rag into the neck of the bottle; 4) DETONATION- tip the bottle so that the rag gets soaked in gas. Light the rag with one hand, then immediately throw the bottle at your target. The cocktail should land no less than 20 feet away, esp. if it's a larger bottle. Longhairs, beware of setting your hair on fire on the backswing; 5) your molotov cocktail will burst on impact and the gas in the bottle will ignite. For a sticky, longer burning, napalm-like effect, break styrofoam bits into the formula. It's fun to experiment on wide open, deserted roads before getting down to the business of offing pigs and F.S.U. The fire will burn in exquisite blue patterns on asphalt for several minutes. It's never too late to start a life of crime.

THE WILD WEST...

.38 REVOLVER, HAIRNET



**Jedi Knights of the Punk
Order:** John Piche, Omar (El
Fidel Joven), Uma (Vagina
Dentata Organ), Iggy Scam,
The Men of Crawl, P.J.
Casey, Alyse Solo, Dr.
Benway Huberman, Kristine
the Astonishing, Melinda
Kanner (Our 'Obi Wan),
Carlos Julio Mesa, Martin
Sprouse, Paul Weinman, and
most of all MOM.

HOODWINK

200 SE 15 RD.

APT. 16D

MIAMI, FL 33129

FREAK POWER

NOW

LOUISIANA

**LOUNGE
SINGER**



MICROPHONE!

NOISE

GENERATOR



**VIVA
LA
VIDA**



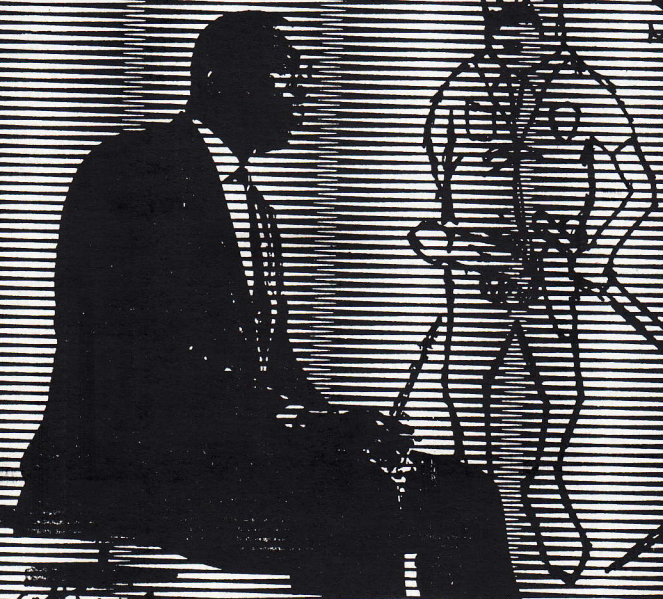
WASHINGTON, DC: An armed and deranged Viet vet occupies a government building, taking three hostages. His demands: ① 666 jelly donuts delivered with no funny stuff; ② continuous broadcasting of "Straight to Hell" over all major networks; ③ a jet airplane and pilot bound for Cuba.

HOLLYWOOD: A beauty queen is asked to make three wishes. She wants: ① a convertible; ② a fur coat; ③ peace on Earth.

SOMALIA
IS DYING...

COPS
WORSHIP
SATAN

KILL
DARYL
GATES



USA



VIRGINIA BEACH: Uma is distressed at the thought of Old Glory on the moon. She pledges to be The One who will eradicate the problem. Do flags burn on the moon? She concludes, "I need a lot more drugs." A PCP dose leaves a boy convinced he's a grape. During grape picking season, he runs and hides under the bed. When he gets old, will he become a raisin? Remember the story they told you in high school about the kids who did drugs and stared into the sun until they were BLIND? Well, it was a lie.

NEW YORK: As theft and sabotage are developed into ultra-sophisticated art forms with subtle disciplines of mind, body, and spirit, a new language surfaces briefly. CRIMESPEAK (*n.*), which includes gesticulations and secret handshakes (*mano a mano*) is almost immediately made obsolete by narcs and finks who rat by teaching the fuzz to CRIMESPEAK (*v.*).

MIAMI: Efforts to suppress the underground publication of The Journal of Criminal Arts are time and again rebuffed by the syncopated, technicolor genius of the criminal mind.

MODERN LENINGRONG LATINO

RED EYE JOURNAL: I'M SICK OF SEEING MAGAZINES FILLED
FOR . BECAUSE SOME WHITE-AMERICAN-ARTER



ITIVITY LIKE A CROWN. FORGET IT'S REAL. "THE MAN IS
ADVANCED CHOLERA." DON MCCULLIN, GRANTA 14.

ED WITH IMAGES OF SUFFERING, MUTILATED PEOPLE
(NATIVE). RICH-KID THINKS IT'S "INTENSE" AND "BRUTAL".



DISEASE, DEFORMITY, WAR WOUNDS, DEATH - WEAR INSENS
RUSHING OFF TO THE HOSPITAL WITH HIS WIFE, WHO HAS

"IT'S HARD TO GET AWAY FROM IT. IT TELLS YOU TOO MUCH." HUMILITY.
AND I WANT TO LEAVE A BAD TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH. LOOK AT IT. INHALE. IT'S REAL.

DISCIPLINE

by C.J. Maddox



Final installment, continued from issues three and four of Hoodwink.

3.

It began to rain as Jose shut the door to his room, turned out the lights and crawled into bed. He thought he could sleep forever, he was so exhausted. Exhausted because he felt helpless and afraid and confused, and everything seemed wrong, ugly, hopeless. He just didn't care anymore. He would seal himself off from the horrors of the world and take refuge in the huddled darkness of sleep. The rhythmic patter of raindrops beating the window lulled him into uneasy slumber.

He dreamt of the school at night. A gray sanitarium with staring black windows surrounded by chain-link fences and dense forest. Many a child had lost his life to that forest. Jose could hear those children now, howling like a cold wind that shook the trees and chilled his spine.

The cafeteria was white and shiny, a can of compressed noise. Students walked around dazed as zombies. Jose stood in line for food, holding a scarlet tray. Wrinkled old cafeteria ladies wearing priest uniforms and surgical gloves scooped the milky cerebral contents out of the skulls of butchered children and plopped them down into plastic white bowls. A yellow and red soup with chunks of gray. Students salivated like dogs. The school bell rang, and everyone ate in unison. A good time was had by all.

Jose woke up lying on his back, hungry and sick. His head felt tight, his stomach so empty that the emptiness was demanding more room. He didn't know what time of day it was, and he didn't care. He just wanted to lie there forever, in the grey speckled light of dawn, feeling weak and cold.

He dozed for some time until his father woke him. It was time for school. Jose rolled over and went back to sleep, wondering if he should tell his father what he knew. Probably not. Sometime later his mother woke him. It was late, and his father had left for work. If Jose didn't hurry, he would be late for school. Unless he told his mother, but he couldn't do that. In fact, he couldn't think of anyone who he could tell. Maybe Tony? Probably not. He pondered this as he readied himself for school, hurriedly. Being late would mean trouble, solitary trouble. He knew how dangerous that could be.

He arrived on time and spent the morning in a shell of thought, distanced from everyone and everything. People greeted him and he ignored them. Etiquette seemed so damn trivial. He was completely submerged in his own confusion as to what to do. Eventually, sitting in theology class, he came to a decision: he would approach the police. Faced with the suicide note and testimony from Tony, Richard's mom, and the coroner, the police would have enough evidence to believe Jose's story, or so he hoped. After all, the police must know something already. Didn't coroners have to file some sort of report? And yet Ms. Delgado had said no one else knew. Had she and the coroner arranged some sort of cover up, the way she'd done with the note? It was possible, Jose thought, for Richard's mother seemed like the kind of person who would rather have everything

wrapped up quickly and quietly instead of lingering for justice.

But Jose never got a chance to reach the police. During lunch that very same day, Jose was sitting in the library feeling a bit relaxed, now that he had a plan, when he overheard a conversation between two juniors at a table behind him:

"So it's true?"

"Yeah, I just asked Eddie and he said he was walking into the bathroom when Rosario walked out, dragging Jorge along by the arm. Eddie said Jorge was trying to put his pants on with one hand."

They both laughed shrilly at that. To Jose, the laughter felt like needles in the back of his neck. But then he knew something they didn't.

"So what'd they do to 'em?"

"Eddie said Rosario and Perez took him into the auditorium, then Rosario left and said something about lunch period, which is right now. He's probably getting suspended at this moment."

"He deserves it. You gotta be an idiot to jack-off in a school bathroom."

Jose stood up slowly, feeling dizzy and nauseous. He inhaled deeply, closed his eyes, felt his heartbeat quickening.

"And Rosario must be a fag or something. What does he do, stall-checks?"

More laughter. It echoed in Jose's head, blaring and receding rhythmically like a warped recording. He steadied himself, breathed deeply once more, tried to stop the chill that was spreading upwards from his tensed arms.

Then he ran.

He shot through the library, dodging students and tables, hurdling chairs. He threw open the glass doors as they slammed against a younger kid on the other side, who fell over holding his face and muttering curses. He ran up the stairs, two steps at a time, knocking descending students and teachers aside. Everyone watched him, shocked, angry, amused or disgusted.

Jose reached the orange double-doors that were the auditorium's main entrance. He tried to open them, rattling the knobs in frustration when he found they were locked. Of course, what did he expect? But there was another entrance, a single stage door with a small strip window he planned to smash. He hurried around to the other side of the auditorium, found the stage door. The door was locked. Tugging on the knob, he heard muffled voices coming from within. Jose put his eye to the small window, peered inside. It was completely dark except for a bright white spotlight which somebody shone on a frightened student, who sat at the back of the room. Ms. Mack stood behind the student, her huge hands grabbing his shoulders. The light and the voices came from the stage, and although Jose couldn't see the source from where he stood, he knew well enough who was there.

Suddenly the voices stopped, and the lights went out.

Jose panicked, looked around for something with which to break the thick window. On the wall next to him, in a glass case, was a fire extinguisher. He figured that would work; at least it had in tons of movies. He was contemplating breaking the glass to reach the extinguisher when he noticed a fire alarm across the hall. Knowing that the more uproar he caused, the less chance the priests would have to harm the student, he ran over and pulled the alarm. It began to buzz, loudly and incessantly. He could already see ninth graders flooding the hallways. Then he moved across the hall quickly, back to where the extinguisher was. He removed his schoolshirt, wrapped it around his hand and forearm, and smashed the glass case with the side of his fist, wincing as shards of glass clattered to the floor. A group of sophomores stopped to watch him, staring at him as though he'd gone insane.

Completely oblivious to their presence and single-minded in his purpose, Jose grabbed the fire extinguisher with both hands, lifted it above his head, and hurled it with all his force at the window, which smashed quite easily, and quite loudly. A female teacher's scream cut through the oceanic murmur of the student mass and the blaring noise of the alarm, alerting Jose that he was being watched, for better or worse. Without hesitating, he stuck his hand through the gaping window, which still had jagged teeth of glass standing out along its edges, and reached for the knob.

Just then, someone from within grabbed his wrist and tugged his arm sideways. A hot blast of searing pain shot through his body as his inner forearm was dragged up and along the window's edge, the jagged row of glass teeth shredding and slicing his flesh like the blade of a saw. Jose screamed in agony, blood spurting from his arm and streaming down the door in scarlet streams. Then the door was thrown open violently, and the knob struck Jose in the abdomen. His screams were reduced to an exhaling of air as he flew backwards onto the floor.

That same teacher screamed again. Jose might have lost consciousness were it not for that piercing scream, and the incessant alarm. As it was, he merely lay dazed, in mind-numbing pain with his eyes shut tight, wishing that someone would help him, knowing no one would. At least not voluntarily.

He opened his eyes and saw Father Perez looming over him like an angry god, eyes bulging, nostrils flared, upper-lip curled into a snarl revealing sharp white teeth.

Jose stumbled to his feet and staggered backwards into the crowd of students which stood watching. Perez followed him, slowly and purposefully, not bothering to disguise his contempt. Jose pushed through the throng, grabbing students, asking for help. The faces which swam and blurred before him were bewildered and blank. He trudged on, looking back over his shoulder to see the crowd parting for Perez. This wasn't what he'd planned. He'd thought the students would help him, support him, at least. Instead they just stood there like zombies. Even Tony did nothing, just stared at him as though he'd gone crazy.

Finally the pain and frustration and fatigue weighed too heavily on him, and Jose collapsed. He felt his mind begin to slip, felt himself ooze into a muddy haze, into the cold sea of unconsciousness.

He did not feel the large hands which lifted him and dragged him off his judgment . . .

Jose awoke in pain. There was a dull stinging sensation writhing in his right arm and a throbbing tightness in his skull. He opened his eyes but saw nothing. There was total darkness. He had no idea where he was, only that he was sitting upright in a rather hard chair that made his back and buttocks sore. It seemed to him that a bandage had been wrapped around his wounded arm, but he couldn't be sure. He also felt a heavy weight on his shoulders, but that might just be fatigue. He tried to move, squirmed a little, and found that the weight on his shoulders increased, holding him still.

"Don't move," a voice said. Jose recognized it as that of Ms. Mack, which meant that-

Jose panicked. He suddenly realized where he was and what was about to take place. He tried to move again, to squirm free of the hands on his shoulders, but Ms. Mack was too strong. She kept him down, quickly moving one hand to squeeze the back of his neck. Jose felt her moist meaty palm and a sudden pressure on his nerves. He threw his head back, wincing, grimacing, shoulders raised, white sparks at the edges of his vision.

"I said: Don't move!" she hissed.

"I'm sorry," Jose said through gritted teeth. "I won't . . . do it . . . again . . . I promise . . . Please stop . . ."



She applied one last bit of extra pressure and then released him. Jose slumped forward, rubbing the back of his neck with his left hand. Ms. Mack grabbed his shoulders once more and pulled him back into a perfectly upright position.

Suddenly Jose heard noises somewhere in front of him. Strangely enough, the voices were rather close, not at all as distant as they would have been in the auditorium. Perhaps he was somewhere else. But where--?

Lights flickered on. Jose squeezed his eyes shut and bowed his head.

"JOSE DEEAS," Father Rosario's voice boomed, "YOU HAF MADE A BEEG MEESTAKE."

Jose's squinted eyes gradually adjusted to the light. He opened them and saw that he was not in the auditorium, but in the small school chapel. That's why the noises had seemed so near and the chair so hard: he was sitting on a wooden pew in the middle of the chapel, and a row of priests had lined up behind the altar. There were five of them, dressed in white robes laced with purple and gold, the typical ceremonial garb. Farthest left was Father Nunez, tall and thin, gray hair combed neatly. His face was hard and long with pursed lips, a long thin nose, tiny round ears and narrow black eyes, darkened by his constantly creased brow. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

On his right was Father Francisco, a tiny white-haired pale man who wore large glasses with a thick black rim. He looked like a cross between Woody Allen and a smiling frog.

Father Rosario stood next to him, in the middle, with Childgood and Perez on the other side. With the exception of Francisco, who was smiling perversely, they all looked extremely aggravated.

Rosario spoke: "JOSE DEEAS . . . YOU HAF BEEN CHARSHED WEETH DAMAGEENG SCHOOL PROPERTY, DEESTURBEENG CLASSES BY PULLEENG DEE FIRE ALARM (WEECH BY DEE WAY EES A CREEMEENAL OFFENSE) AND, MOST

EEMPORTANTLY, EENTEROPTEENG EEN MATTERS OF SCHOOL DEESEEPLEEN . . ."

Jose managed to muster enough courage to croak: "Discipline?! You call cannibalism discipline?"

For this, he earned a slap to the head from Ms. Mack. "Speak again and I'll pour acid on your arm," she warned.

"EET EES NOT CANABOLEESM--"

No, it's worse, Jose thought.

--EET EES . . . SCREEPTURE."

Jose had to laugh at that; it was either laugh or lose his mind.

Ms. Mack swatted the back of his head with one tentacle, gripped him tighter with the other.

Father Nunez adjusted his glasses, frowned deeply, and said: "It says, quite clearly, in scripture, that if you have a part of the body which troubles you, you should cut it off."

The others nodded gravely.

"But you eat-- Ow!" Jose grimaced and grabbed weakly at the tendrils attached to his left ear, the tendrils that were tugging his cartilage, twisting it slowly and painfully.

"WE EAT AS A SACREEFICE TO DEE LORD," Rosario explained.

Jose squirmed, red and green spirals blurring his vision, as Ms. Mack gave one last twist before releasing him.

"Besise," Father Francisco joked, "ees yommy to dee tommy."

They all laughed and nodded, patting Francisco on the back and shoulders. Perez reached over with one long arm and patted him on the head.

"But what about the police?!" Jose shouted desperately, and in an instant, regretted ever having spoken, ever having become involved.

First Ms. Mack smacked him on the side of the head with such force that fell over on his left side, momentarily dazed. Then, as he lay there trying to focus, she grabbed his injured right arm, tore off the bandages, and began to scratch violently at the raw gaping wound. Jose screamed and felt acid burn through his veins, shoot up his spine, explode in his brain. For a moment he thought he was on fire, and he screamed so loud he went hoarse. And as the screams became gasps, and his mind began to recede, he could still hear the voices of the priests echoing in the chapel, echoing in his head:

"POLEES? WAT CAN THEY DOO? WE HAF A LICENSE."

"Separation of church and state," Nunez pointed out.

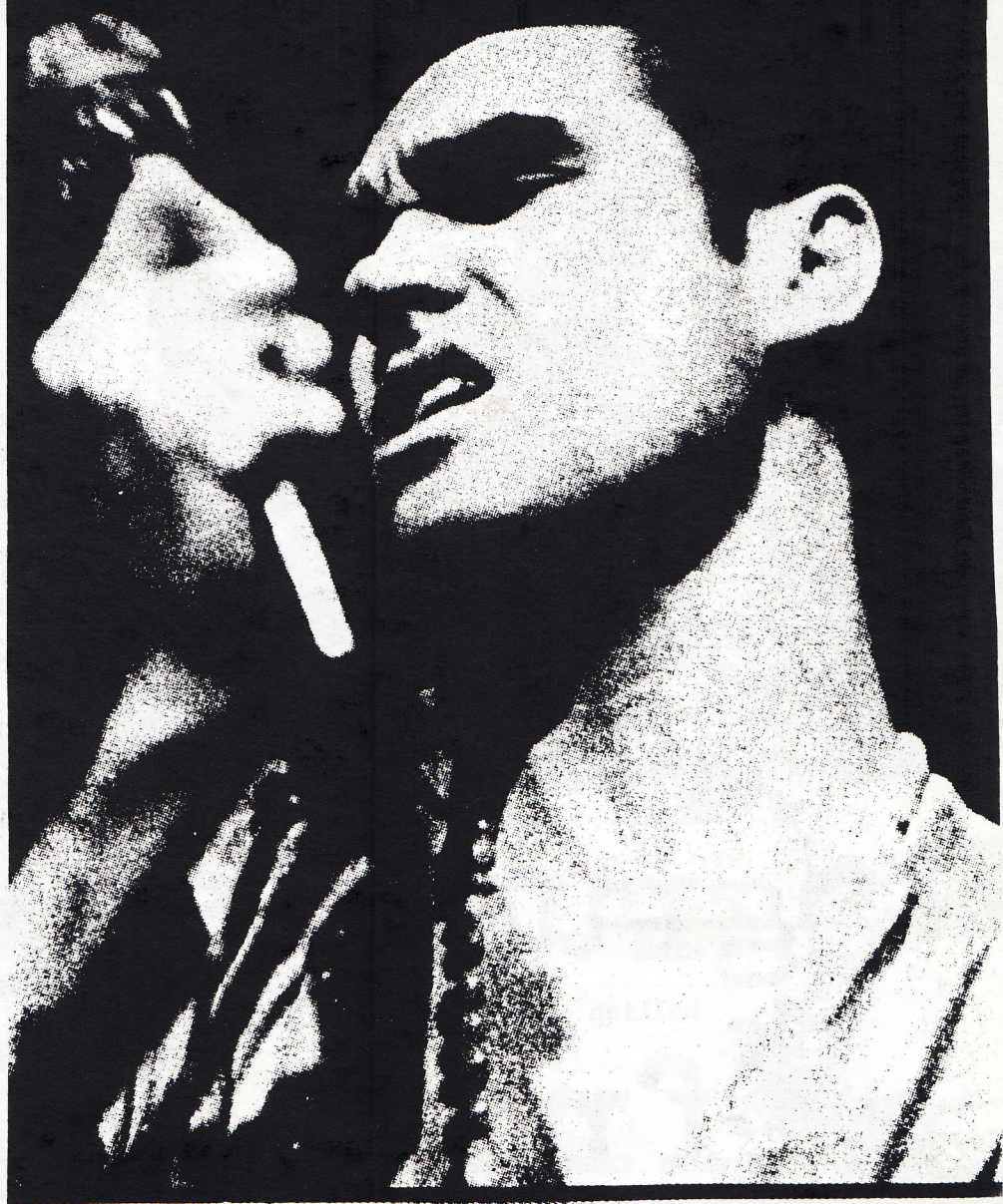
"And besides," Childgood said impatiently, sounding like Jimmy Carter, "Divine Law is much more important than civil law."

They murmured agreement.

Then Francisco said: "Enough talking, let's eat!"

And the massacre continued.





Morrissey by [illegible]